

48-PAGE SPECIAL!

DYNAMITE.

#100

THE Shadow

1000





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STORY TWO:
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WHO KNOWS WHAT EVIL LURKS IN THE HEARTS OF MEN?

tonight

THE *Shadow* *in*

A Mystery Tale
by **FRANCESCO**
FRANCAVILLA

The **LAUGHING**
CORPSE

NO! GO AWAY! NO...

PLEASE DON'T...
NOOOOOHAHA...

HAHAHAHA...
HAHAHAHAHA

AAAAA



FRAN
CAVIL
LA F. 15

FWHAP!

WHAT HAPPENED?


WE AREN'T SURE YET,
COMMISSIONER WESTON.

THE VICTIM IS DR. LORENTZ,
A VERY SUCCESSFUL CHEMIST WHO WAS
WELL RESPECTED IN HIS FIELD.

THE NEIGHBOR HEARD
SOMEONE SCREAMING AND
THEN LAUGHING LOUDLY.
WHEN HE CAME TO CHECK
ON LORENTZ...


THE DOOR WAS WIDE OPEN AND
HE FOUND THE BODY LIKE THIS.

THE MEDICAL EXAMINER SAID
THE MAN SHOWS ADVANCED RIGOR MORTIS,
AS IF HE WAS DEAD FOR AT LEAST 24 HOURS.




24 HOURS?

HOW IS THAT
POSSIBLE?



I KNOW.
BASED ON THE REPORT
OF THE WITNESS,

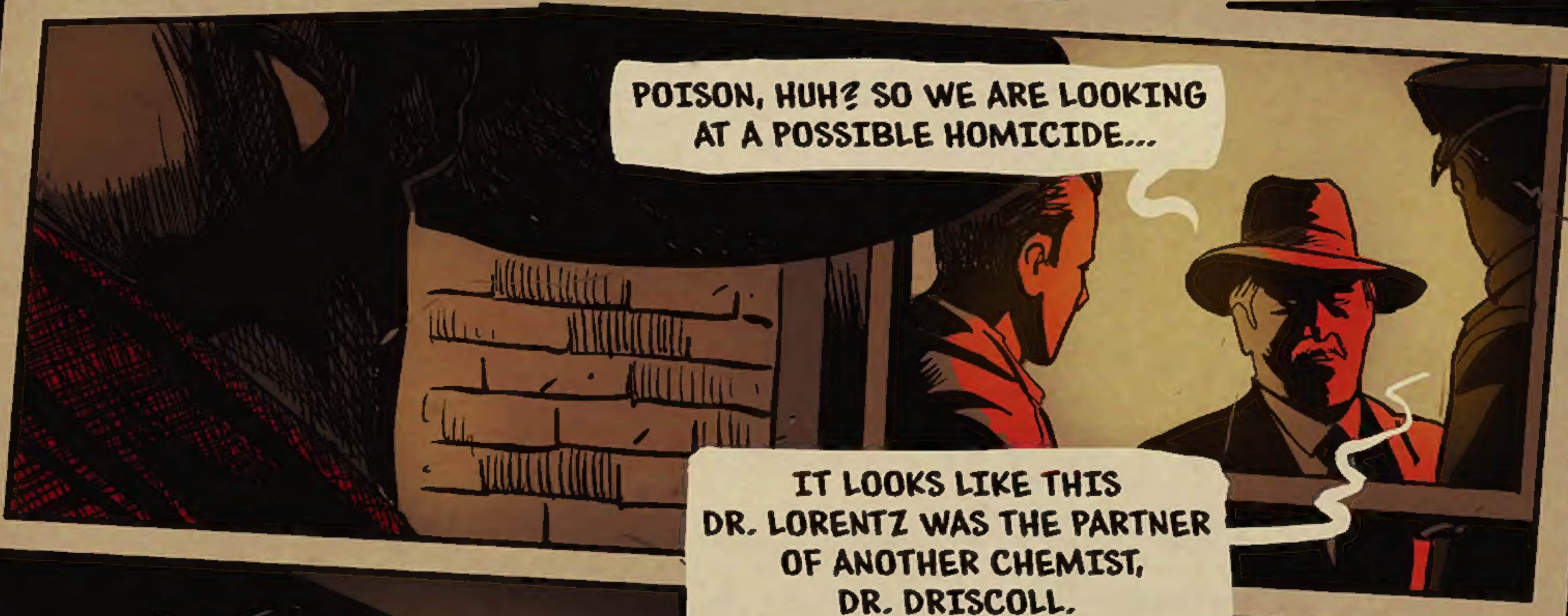
WHATEVER HAPPENED
TO LORENTZ HAPPENED
LESS THAN TWO
HOURS AGO.



I'LL NEED TO EXAMINE
THE BODY AT THE LAB,


BUT I'VE HEARD
OF POISONS THAT CAN
CONTRACT MUSCLES
AND NERVES

AND GIVE
THE SAME SYMPTOMS
OF RIGOR MORTIS.



POISON, HUH? SO WE ARE LOOKING
AT A POSSIBLE HOMICIDE...

IT LOOKS LIKE THIS
DR. LORENTZ WAS THE PARTNER
OF ANOTHER CHEMIST,
DR. DRISCOLL.



IT MIGHT BE A GOOD IDEA
TO GO PAY HIM A VISIT...



DR. DRISCOLL.

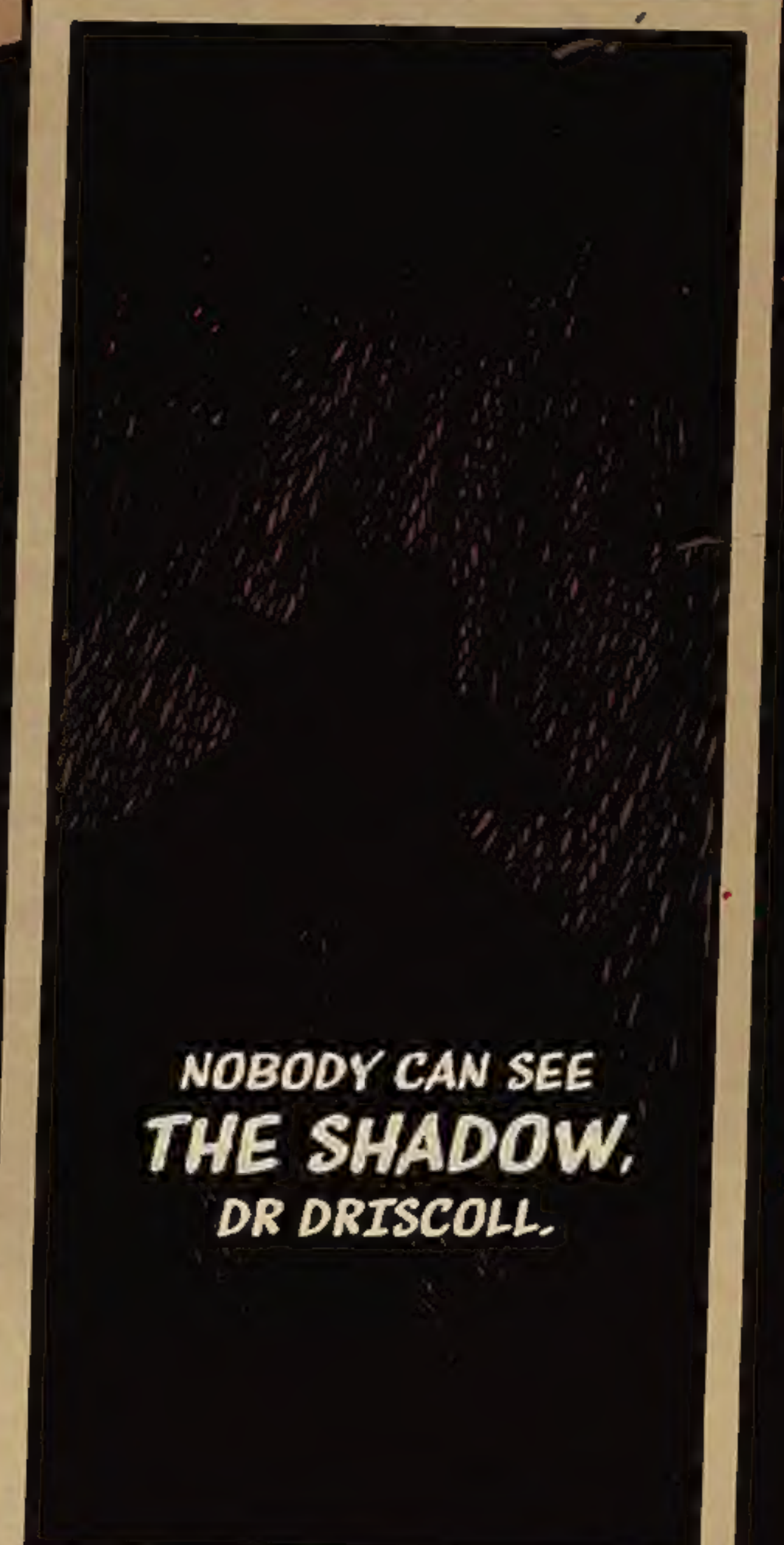


WHO?

WHO'S THERE?



SHOW YOURSELF!
I CAN'T SEE YOU.



NOBODY CAN SEE
THE SHADOW,
DR DRISCOLL.



THE SHADOW!

I HAVE HEARD
OF YOU. WHAT DO YOU
WANT OF ME?



WHEN WAS THE LAST
TIME YOU HEARD FROM
YOUR PARTNER,
DR LORENTZ?



LORENTZ?
MAYBE AN HOUR
AGO.

I WENT OUT TO BUY
SOME SUPPLIES BUT WHEN
I GOT BACK HERE...



I FOUND THIS
BOX ON THE
DESK.



LORENTZ IS THE ONLY
ONE OTHER PERSON WITH
THE KEYS TO THE LAB,
SO IT MUST HAVE
BEEN HIM.

I WOULDN'T TOUCH
THAT BOX IF I WERE YOU,
DR DRISCOLL.



WHY? WHAT
COULD POSSIBLY...

AH!

T-CLICK!



IT'S JUST
A LITTLE
SCRATCH...



NOTHING....
HEHE...

NOTHING
TO WORRY...
HAHAHA



HAHAHA
HAHAHA
HAHAHA



HAHAHA
HAHAHA
HAHAHA

CRACK!



DR DRISCOLL!



HE DIED LAUGHING,
JUST LIKE LORENTZ...

ANOTHER
LAUGHING CORPSE.



You will laugh but
not from joy - You will
laugh and the laugh will
be the laugh of death.



TIME TO PUT A STOP
TO THIS MADNESS.



I NEED TO GET OUT
OF THE CITY, LAY LOW
FOR SOME TIME.

I'VE GOT MY REVENGE
BUT I CAN STILL USE THIS
LAUGHING DEATH
FORMULA...
MAYBE I'LL SELL TO...

THIS IS THE END OF
YOUR EVIL WORK.



WHO'S
THERE?

I AM THE SHADOW!


AND I AM HERE TO
BRING YOU TO JUSTICE.
BUT FIRST, TELL ME,

WHAT'S THIS REVENGE YOU
SPEAK ABOUT?



THE SHADOW?
I'LL TELL YOU.

I'LL TELL YOU ABOUT
HOW LORENTZ AND
DRISCOLL CUT ME OUT
OF THE PARTNERSHIP
WE HAD 5 YEARS AGO.



HOW THEY HID
DRUGS IN MY CAR
AND THEN CALLED
THE POLICE TO HAVE
ME ARRESTED
AND GET ME OUT OF
THE PICTURE.

THEY HAVE BEEN
MAKING MONEY
AND LIVING THE
LIFE WHILE I WAS
ROTTING IN JAIL.

I GOT OUT A WEEK AGO,
AND I STARTED WORKING ON
THIS FORMULA RIGHT AWAY.
I HAD TO GET MY REVENGE
ON THOSE TWO.

MY TURN
FOR QUESTIONS NOW:
HOW DID YOU FIND ME?

THE BOX YOU
LEFT FOR DRISCOLL.
IT HAD THE MARK OF THIS
OLD THEATER ON IT.

A VERY
STUPID
MISTAKE.

I WAS SO BLINDED BY MY
THIRST FOR REVENGE THAT
I MADE ONE SIMPLE
STUPID MISTAKE.

BUT I'M NOT GOING
TO BACK TO JAIL.

FOR ONCE,
I'LL BE THE ONE WHO WILL
HAVE THE LAST LAUGH...

HA HA HA HA

HA HA HA HA HA

WHO KNOWS
WHAT EVIL LURKS
IN THE HEARTS OF MEN?
**THE SHADOW
KNOWS!**

THE END

FRAN
CAVIL
4.15



BERT, WE'RE GOING BACK TO PLAY ANOTHER FEW HANDS, AREN'T WE? THIS IS HIGH STAKES POKER, AND I'M NOT USED TO LOSING.

NO THANKS, CRANSTON. IT'S THREE A.M. AND I'M QUITTING WHILE I'M AHEAD. ANYWAY, YOU'LL HAVE A CHANCE TO WIN IT BACK NEXT WEEK.



GLAD YOU'RE AROUND, JIMMY. ESPECIALLY AFTER ALL THE RECENT TROUBLE. I'M SUDDENLY CARRYING A LOT OF CASH.

HAPPY TO HELP YOU AND ALL THE CLUB GENTLEMEN, SIR. ANYWAY, PICKING UP A LITTLE EXTRA PAY AFTER MY SHIFT'S OVER COMES IN HANDY.



I'LL TELL YOUR MAN TO PULL YOUR CAR AROUND.

UH-HUH.





WHAT ARE YOU DOING, BERNARD? THIS ISN'T THE WAY.

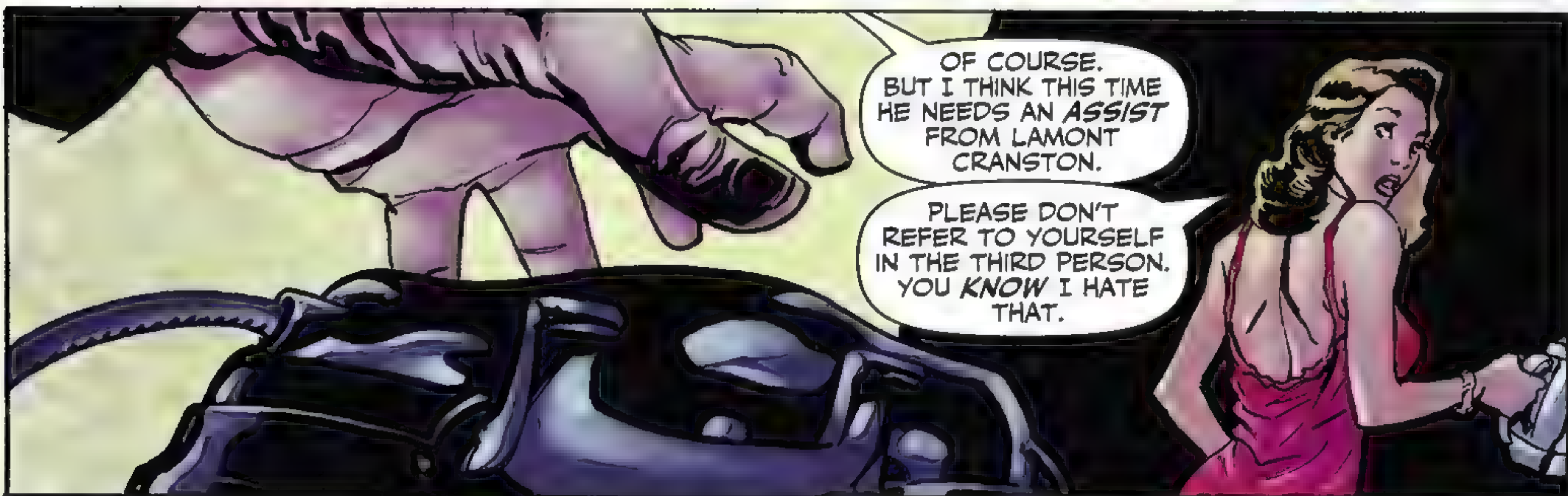
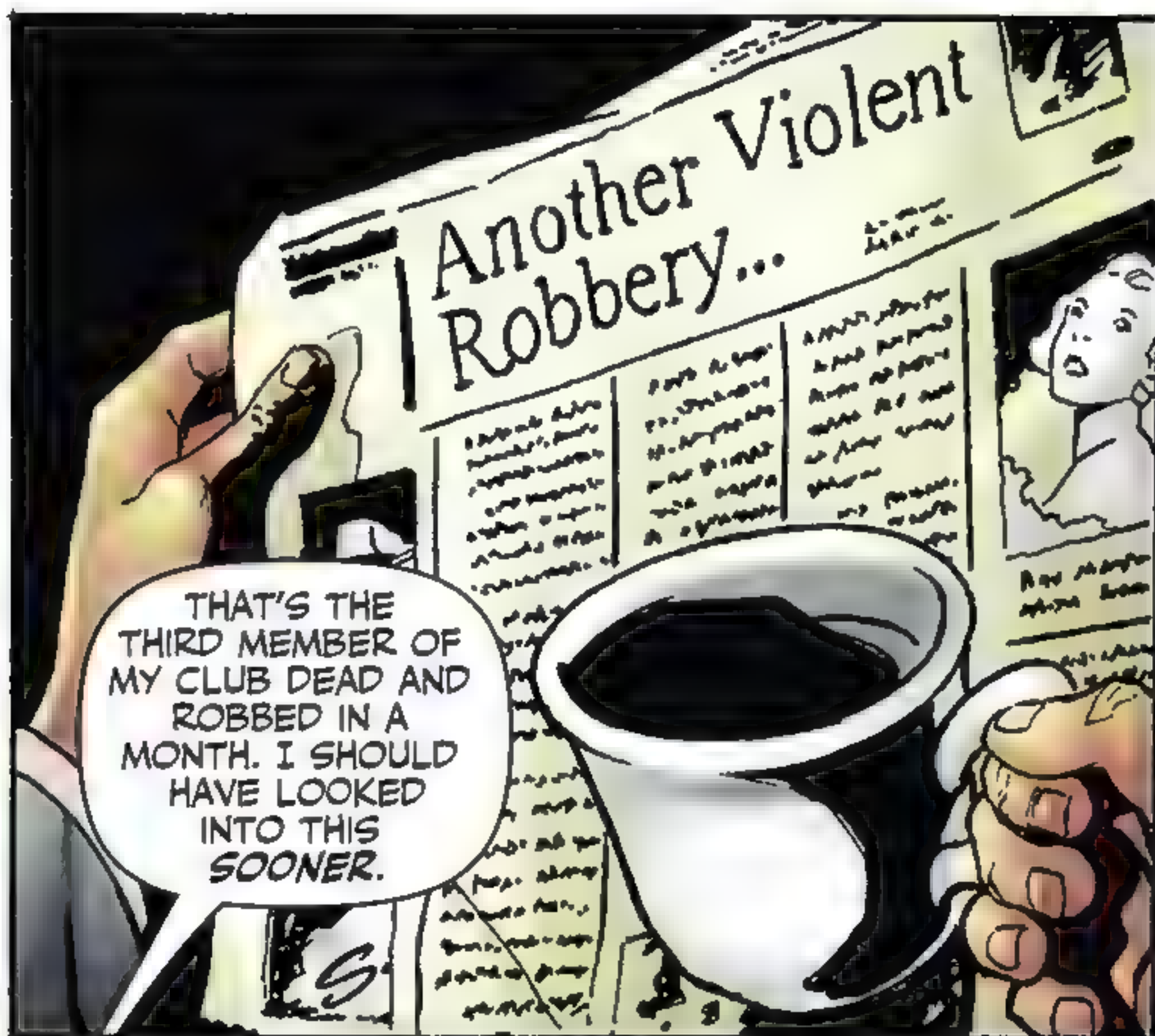
SORRY. BERNARD'S GOT THE NIGHT OFF.

WAIT. HOLD ON NOW. DON'T DO ANYTHING RASH.

YOU WANT THE MONEY? TAKE IT. JUST DON'T--

BLAMM BLAMM

"DAMN. I JUST SAW BERT TOO."



BRAD? LAMONT
HERE. YOU INTERESTED
IN WINNING YOUR MONEY
BACK, OR ARE YOU SO RICH
YOU ENJOY LETTING ME
KEEP SO MUCH OF
YOUR CASH?

YES,
I READ THE
PAPERS.





NEVER
SEEN *ONE* MAN WITH
SO MUCH LUCK.

WELL, YOU'VE
TAKEN ME FOR TEN
GRAND NOW, LAMONT.
I HOPE YOU ENJOY
SPENDING IT.



CONGRATS, MR. CRANSTON. HEARD YOU
HAD A GOOD NIGHT? WHAT YA GONNA
DO WITH ALL THAT MONEY?

THROW IT
ON THE PILE,
I SUPPOSE.

SHALL I TELL
THEM TO BRING YOUR
CAR AROUND?



NO THANKS,
JIMMY. I'M GOING TO
WALK IT OFF.





HAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHA





NO!



EAT
LEAD, YOU SON
OF A--



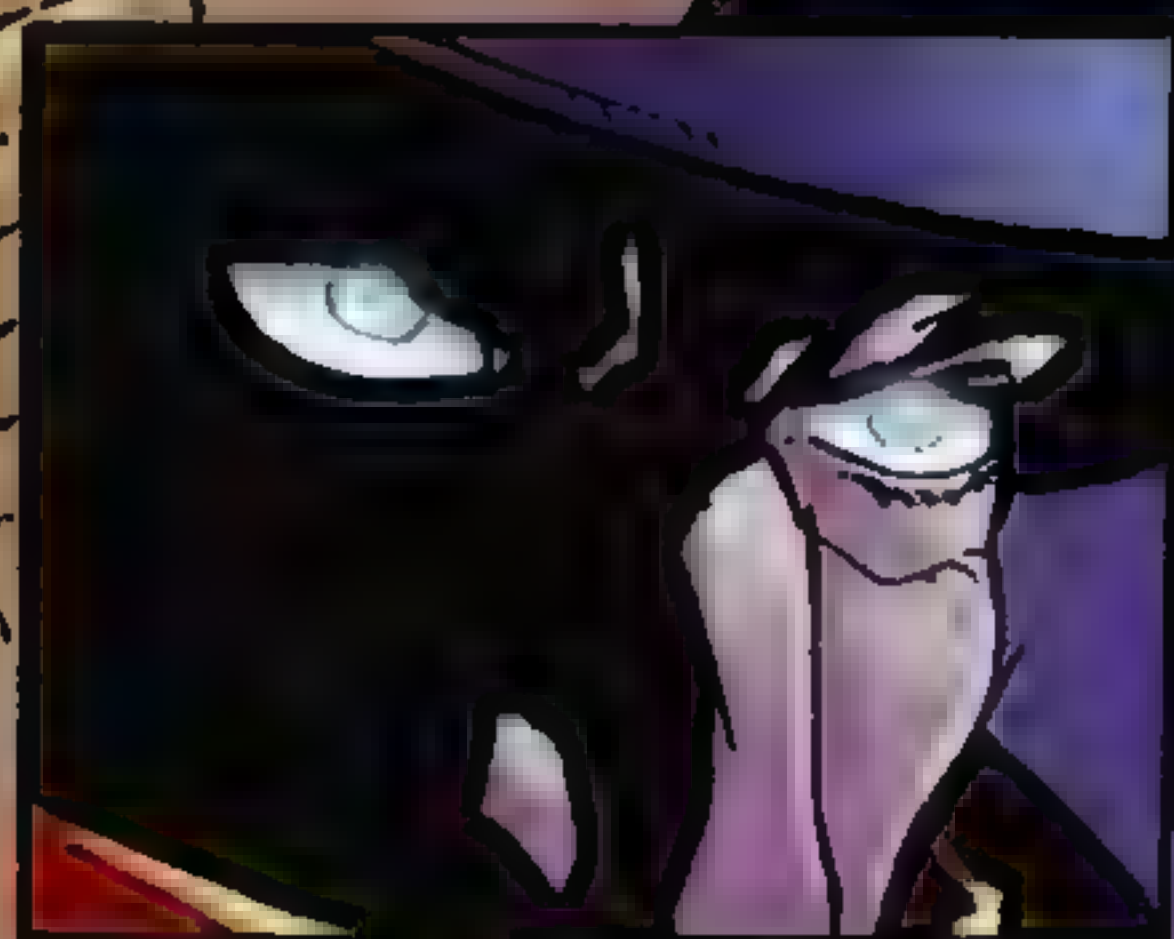
SWAP



SWAK



I HAVE
QUESTIONS.
YOU HAVE
ANSWERS.



A-ANYTHING!
ANYTHING YOU
WANT.



MIND TELLING ME WHY WE'RE MEETING HERE INSTEAD OF THE USUAL PLACE?



I'M GOING TO NEED A BIGGER CUT OF THE TAKE, JIMMY. ALL THE RISKS ARE ON ME.

LIKE HELL. FIFTY-FIFTY WAS THE DEAL. I SPOT THE RICH CHUMPS WITH THE CASH, AND YOU ROLL 'EM AND MAKE SURE THEY NEVER TALK.

HEY, YOUR VOICE SOUNDS WEIRD.



TURN AROUND AND LOOK AT ME WHEN I'M TALKING--

WHAT THE --?!



THANKS FOR THE CONFESSION, JIMMY.



MAKES MY JOB A LOT EASIER.

CUFF HIM, BOYS.



THIS IS *BULL*.
I WANT A
LAWYER.

YEAH YEAH.



WELL, THAT'S ANOTHER
ONE WE CAN THANK THE
SHADOW FOR.

I DON'T KNOW IF
I *TRUST* A GUY THAT
RUNS AROUND IN THE
DARKNESS AND HIDES
HIS FACE. DOESN'T
SEEM HONEST.

A LOT YOU KNOW, ROOKIE.
NOT ONLY DID THE SHADOW DO US
A SOLID, BUT HE EVEN ARRANGED FOR *US*
TO MAKE THE ARREST. LOOKS BETTER IF THE
POLICE ARE HANDLING THEIR OWN BAD APPLES.



MAYBE THE
SHADOW *DOES* GIVE
YOU THE CREEPS.

JUST BE
GLAD HE'S ON
OUR SIDE.

END

BRUCE and ALICE and RED OVER

Story & Art by
**HOWARD
CHAYKIN**
Letters by
**KEN
BRUZENAK**
Colors by
**JESUS
ABURTO**

AND YOU SAY YOU
FOUND IT LIKE *THIS*
WHEN YOU ARRIVED
THIS MORNING?

EXACTLY,
KENT...

...SORRY,
LAMONT--

--I'LL NEVER GET
USED TO THAT.

NOT TO WORRY,
WALTON--GO ON.

THE *POLICE*
CALLED IT A
PRANK--JUVENILE
VANDALISM.

AND YOU'RE
CONVINCED IT
WAS THESE
CRIMINALS?

QUITE RIGHT--TWO
ACCOUNTANTS WORKING WITH
AND FOR A DISTINCTLY
CRIMINAL ELEMENT.

AND THEY'RE DEMANDING
A PIECE OF THE *PROFITS*
FROM THESE--
THESE--

THEY'RE
CALLED
*COMIC
BOOKS*,
LAMONT--

--AND YES, THEY WANT A
BIG PIECE OF MY PROFITS.



WALTON
CARTER-TENNYSON
WAS THE *BEST*
COMMANDING
OFFICER I EVER HAD.

IT PAINS
ME TO SEE
HIM IN
SUCH A
STATE--

--AND
OVER
SUCH
UTTER
GARBAGE.

IT MAY
VERY
WELL BE
TRASH...

...BUT ACCORDING TO
HIS BOOKS, THERE'S
REAL MONEY
POTENTIAL HERE.



SO YOU
SAY--

--BUT THE
MATERIAL SEEMS
BARELY CAPABLE
OF ENTERTAINING
IMBECILES.

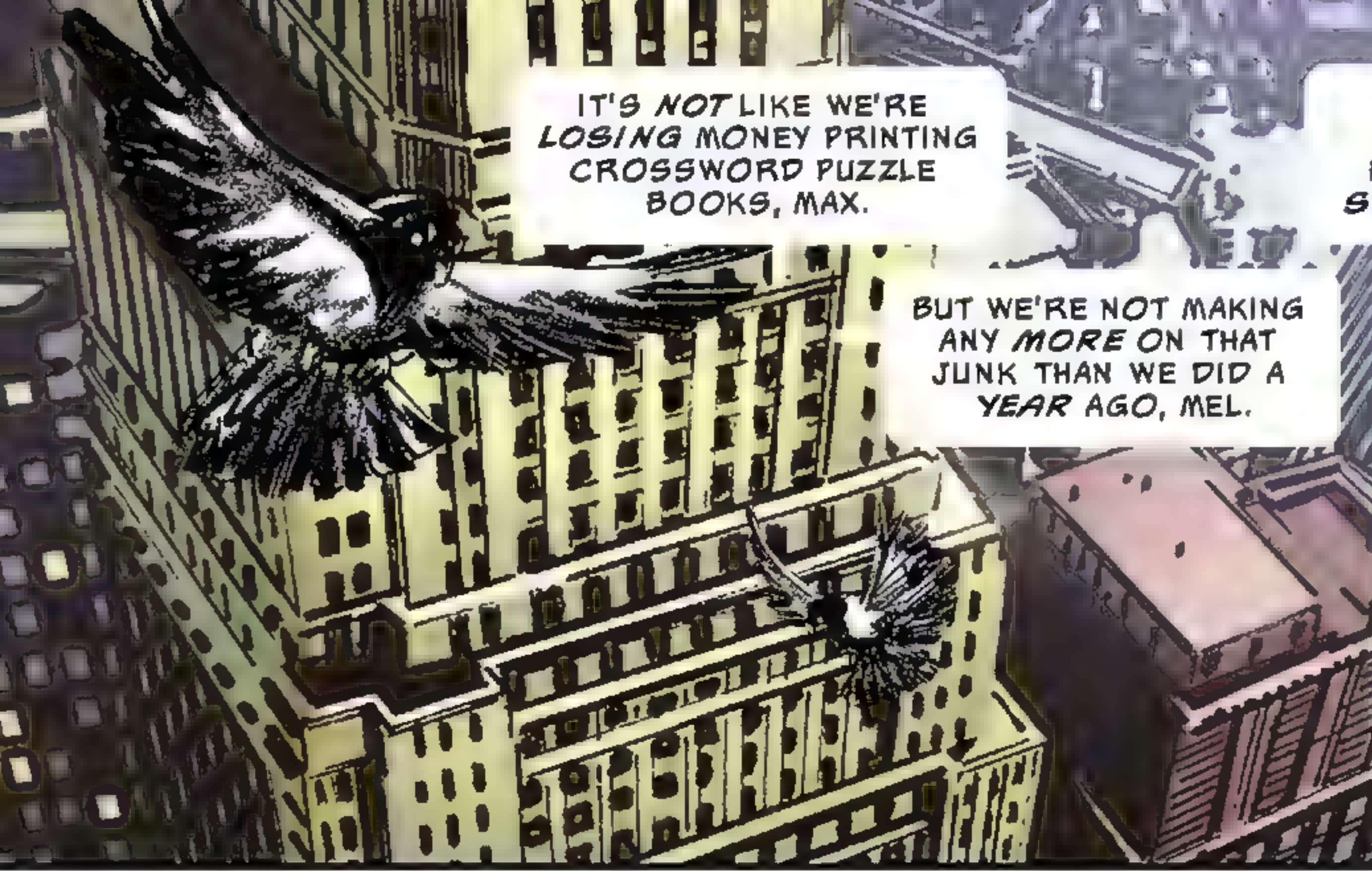
APPARENTLY
THERE ARE
QUITE A FEW
IMBECILES
OUT THERE...

...AND ALL
THOSE DIMES
ADD UP TO
QUITE A PILE
OF DOLLARS.



AND SINCE THERE'S
NO CIRCUMSTANCE
UNDER WHICH I'D
BEGRUDGE THE MAJOR
A LIVING, HONEST
OR OTHERWISE...

...IT SEEMS REASONABLE
TO STICK THIS PROMINENT
PROBOSCIS INTO HIS
BUSINESS.

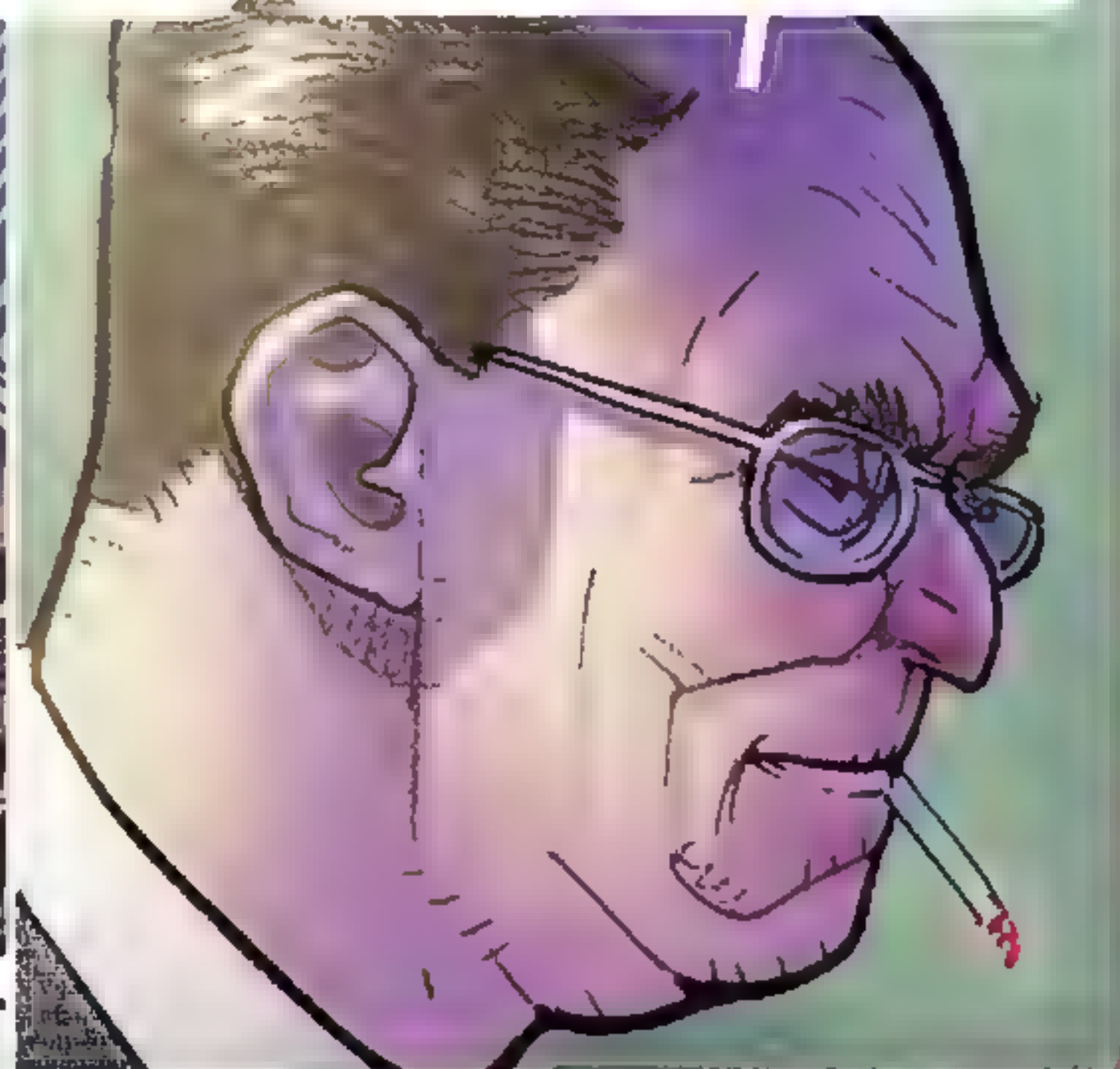


IT'S *NOT* LIKE WE'RE
LOSING MONEY PRINTING
CROSSWORD PUZZLE
BOOKS, MAX.

THIS
JOKE
BOOK
STUFF--

--THERE'S *REAL* DOUGH TO
BE MADE *THERE* BEFORE
THE BOTTOM FALLS OUT
OF THAT MARKET.

BUT WE'RE NOT MAKING
ANY *MORE* ON THAT
JUNK THAN WE DID A
YEAR AGO, MEL.



FACE IT, MEL--THE
PUZZLE BUSINESS
IS KAPUT.

WE DID *GOOD*--TEN
YEARS, F'HEAVEN'S
SAKE.

--BUT WE GOTTA
FIND SOMETHIN'
NEW TO RUN ON
THE *PRESSES*.

AND YOU THINK THIS
COMIC BOOK STUFF
ISN'T JUST *ANOTHER*
FLASH IN THE PAN?

I NEVER SAID
IT *WASN'T*--

--BUT IF WE GET IN
NOW, WE CAN SQUEEZE
IT DRY 'TIL IT *DIES*, IF
YOU CATCH MY *DRIFT*.

GOTCHA,
MAX--



--'SWHY I PUT
IN A CALL TO
CARMINE--



"...HE'S GONNA
SEND A COUPLA
THE *BOYS*
OVER TO
REDECORATE
TENNYSON'S
OFFICE AGAIN."

Y'EVER READ
THIS STUFF?

WHATTAYOU,
KIDDIN'?

THIS IS JUST JUNK
F'KIDS 'N RETARDS.



I DUNNO--

--I KINDA LIKE
THE ACTION-
ADVENTURE STUFF.

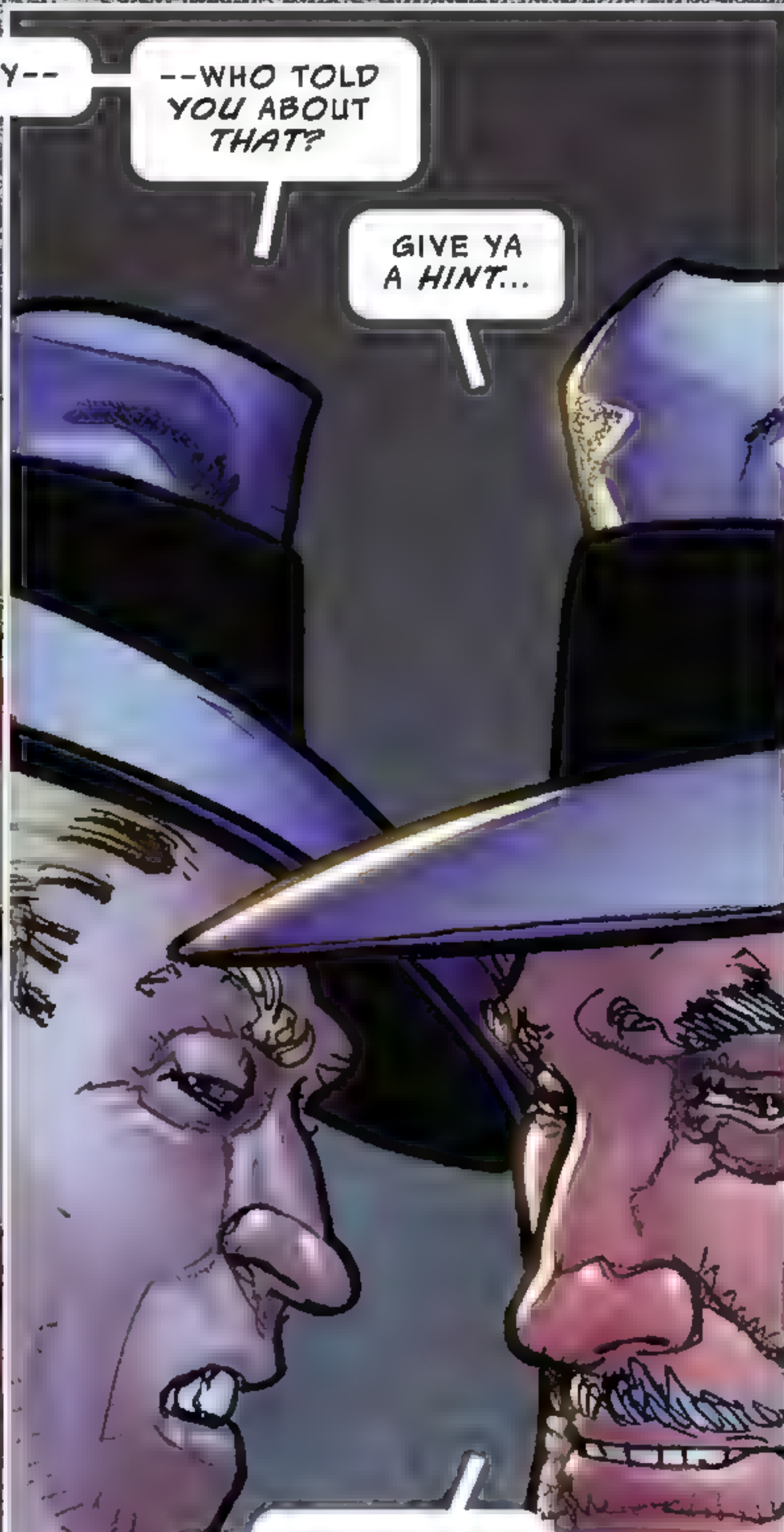
YOU *ALSO* KINDA LIKE
PLAYIN' HIDE THE HOT
DOG WITH YOUR
SISTER--

--BUT THAT
DON'T MAKE
IT *RIGHT*.

HEY--

--WHO TOLD
YOU ABOUT
THAT?

GIVE YA
A HINT...



...SHE'S YOUR
MOTHER'S
DAUGHTER--

--WASN'T
THAT
FUNNY--!





...*CRIME*
DOES
NOT
PAY.

WHATEVER
YOU SAY,
PALLY--

--YOU'RE
THE BOSS!

CONSIDER
YOURSELF *LUCKY*,
YOU AND YOUR
CONFEDERATE...

...*LUCKY*, THAT
YOU'RE BOTH SO
SMALL TIME THAT
YOU'RE BARELY
AN *IDEA* TO ME.

BUT TELL YOUR *BOSS*
THAT MAJOR WALTON
CARTER-TENNYSON IS
UNDER THE PROTECTION
OF THE *SHADOW*...

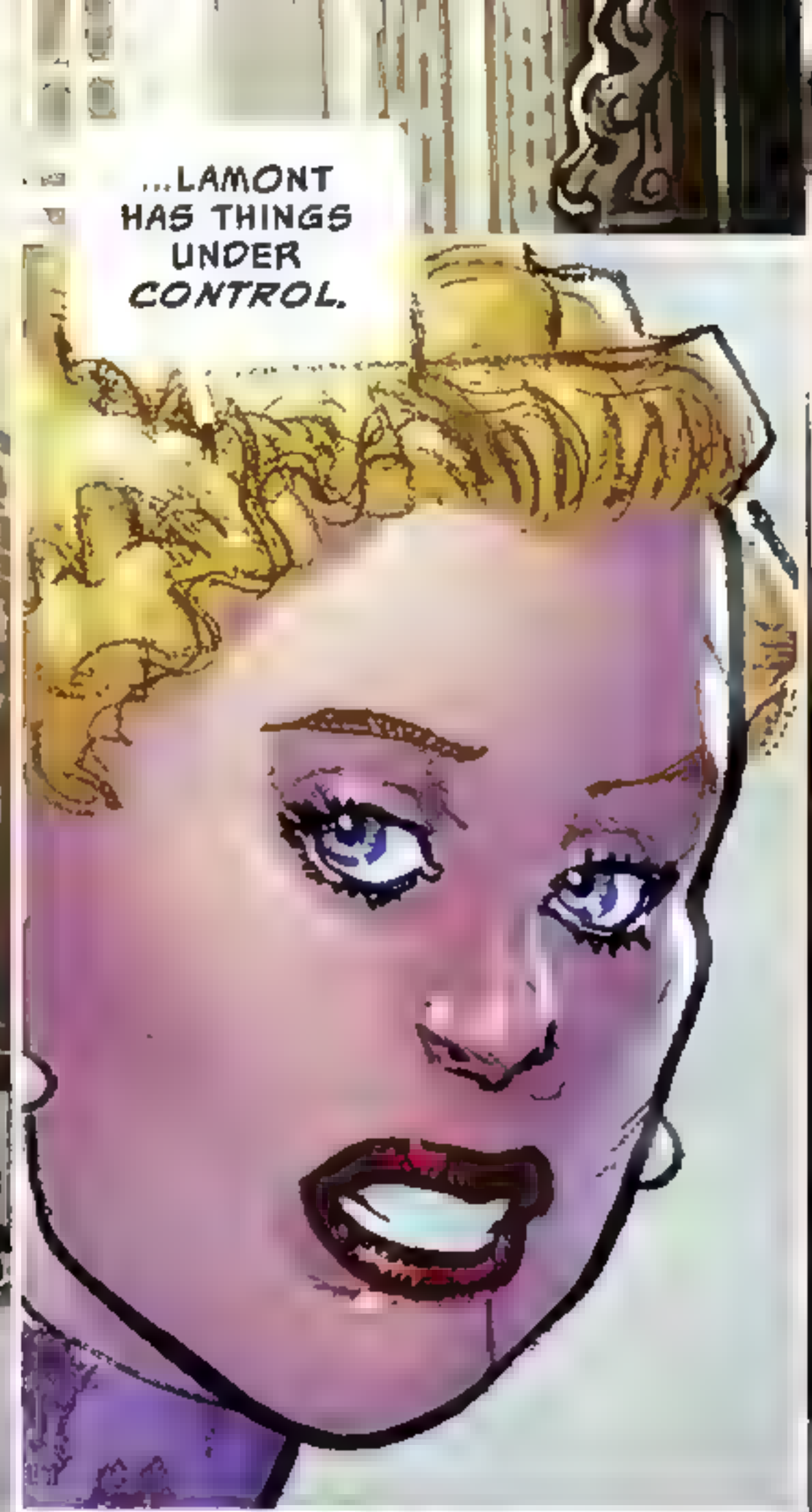
...AND THAT THERE WILL
BE *HELL* TO PAY IF
YOU OR ANY OF YOUR
FELLOWS COME
AFTER HIM *AGAIN*.



SO WE ARE ALL
IN *AGREEMENT*
HERE, THEN?

YES.

I WANT TO
ONCE *AGAIN*
SAY THIS IS
A *BAD* IDEA...



...LAMONT
HAS THINGS
UNDER
CONTROL.



AND I'M
DEEPLY
GRATEFUL
FOR HIS
EFFORTS--

--BUT THANKS TO
YOUR EFFORTS IN
NEGOTIATION, I CAN WALK
AWAY FROM ALL THIS
WITH MY HEAD HELD HIGH...

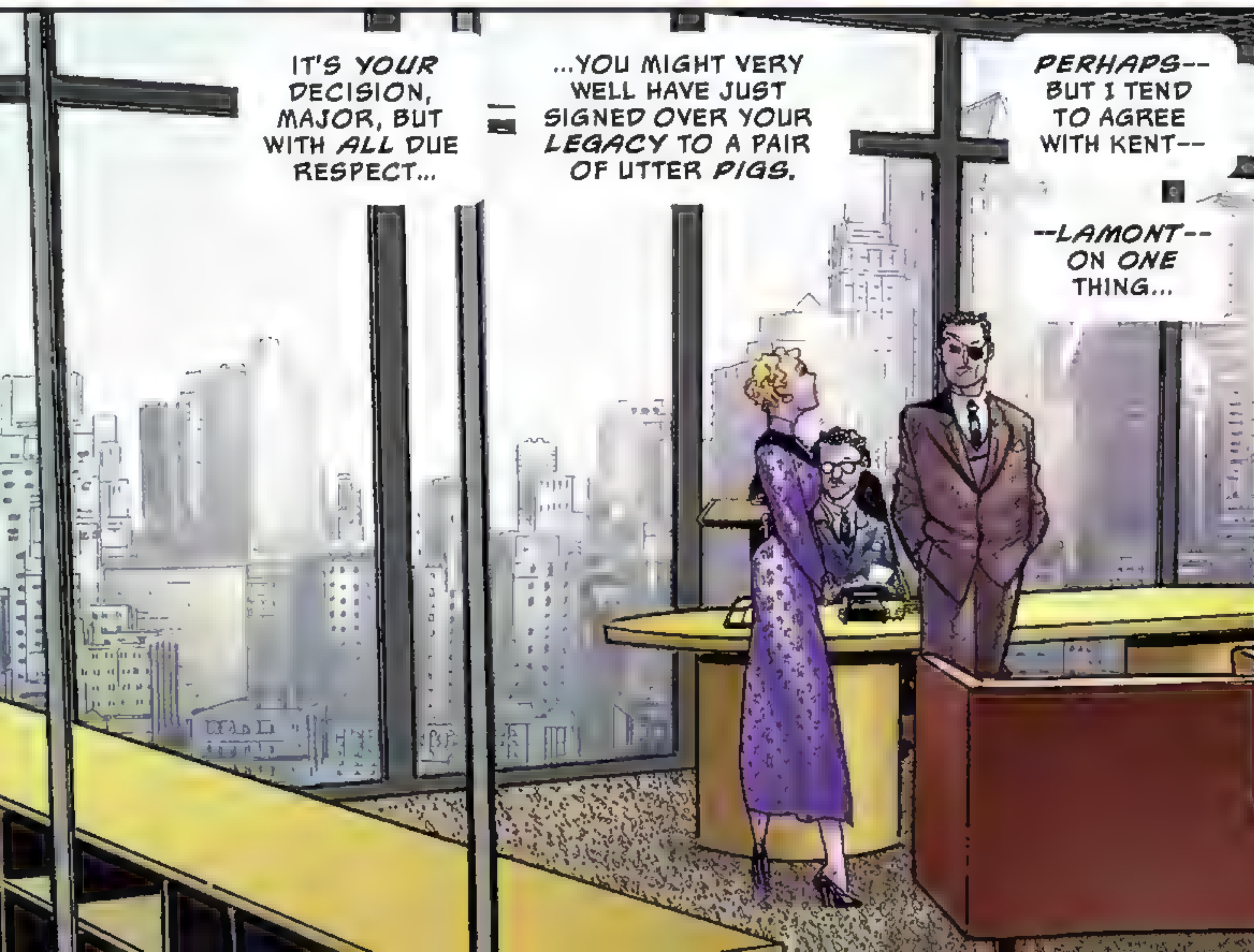
...AND A BIT
OF JACK
IN THE POKE,
SO TO
SPEAK.



ALL
DONE
HERE,
MAJOR--



--BEEN
NICE DOIN'
BUSINESS
WITH YOU.

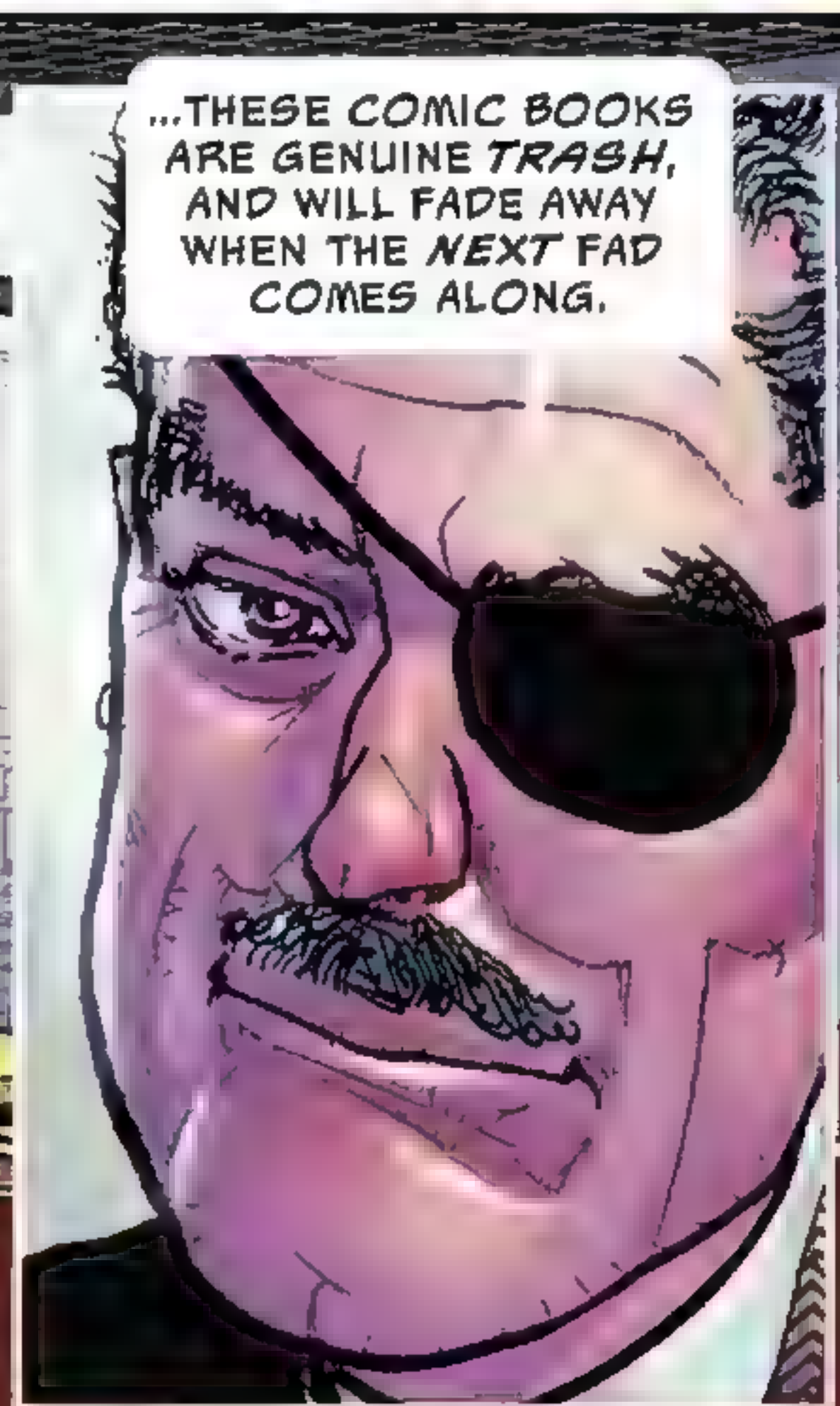


IT'S YOUR
DECISION,
MAJOR, BUT
WITH *ALL* DUE
RESPECT...

...YOU MIGHT VERY
WELL HAVE JUST
SIGNED OVER YOUR
LEGACY TO A PAIR
OF UTTER PIGS.

PERHAPS--
BUT I TEND
TO AGREE
WITH KENT--

--LAMONT--
ON ONE
THING...



...THESE COMIC BOOKS
ARE GENUINE *TRASH*,
AND WILL FADE AWAY
WHEN THE *NEXT* FAD
COMES ALONG.

I WAS
SORRY
THEN...

NOT TO
WORRY, MARGO,
REALLY...

...AND I'M
EVEN SORRIER
NOW.

THE WEED OF
CRIME *MAY* BEAR
BITTER FRUIT...

...BUT *SOMETIMES*
EVEN THE BITTER
FRUIT FINDS THOSE
WITH AN *APPETITE*
FOR SUCH THINGS.

BUT THE
NERVE OF
THOSE
PEOPLE...!

AND WHAT
WOULD YOU
SUGGEST
I DO--

--BUE?

THAT *DID*
CROSS MY
MIND.

I PREFER
TO SAVOR
THE
IRONY--

...OF THESE *CRIMINALS*
PROMOTING DECENCY
BY APPROPRIATING
MY *ALTER EGO'S*
GOOD NAME.

THE END

New York City, 1938...
a night for SWASHBUCKLERS...

The Adventures
of Robin Hood

Errol Flynn
Olivia
DeHav land

THAT
ERROL FLYNN IS
DASHING!

BEST I'VE
SEEN SINCE
FAIRBANKS IN
"ZORRO."

AND
RATHBONE'S
DOING
"SHERLOCK
HOLMES"
NEXT!

FEEL
LIKE WALKING
HOME?

YOU KNOW
THE CITY AT
NIGHT SOMETIMES
SCARES ME.

I'LL
PROTECT YOU,
MOMMY!

I'M ROBIN
HOOD--NOT AFRAID
OF NOTHING!

"ANYTHING,"
DEAR. YOU'RE NOT
AFRAID OF
"ANYTHING."

HANDS UP!

YOUR WALLET,
RICH BOY! AND HER
NECKLACE!

EASY, PAL.
HERE'S MY WALLET.
TAKE IT AND GO.

NOT
WITHOUT THEM
PEARLS!

EEEEEEEEEEEEEE!

SHUT
UP! SHUT UP,
DAMN IT!

LEAVE HER
ALONE!

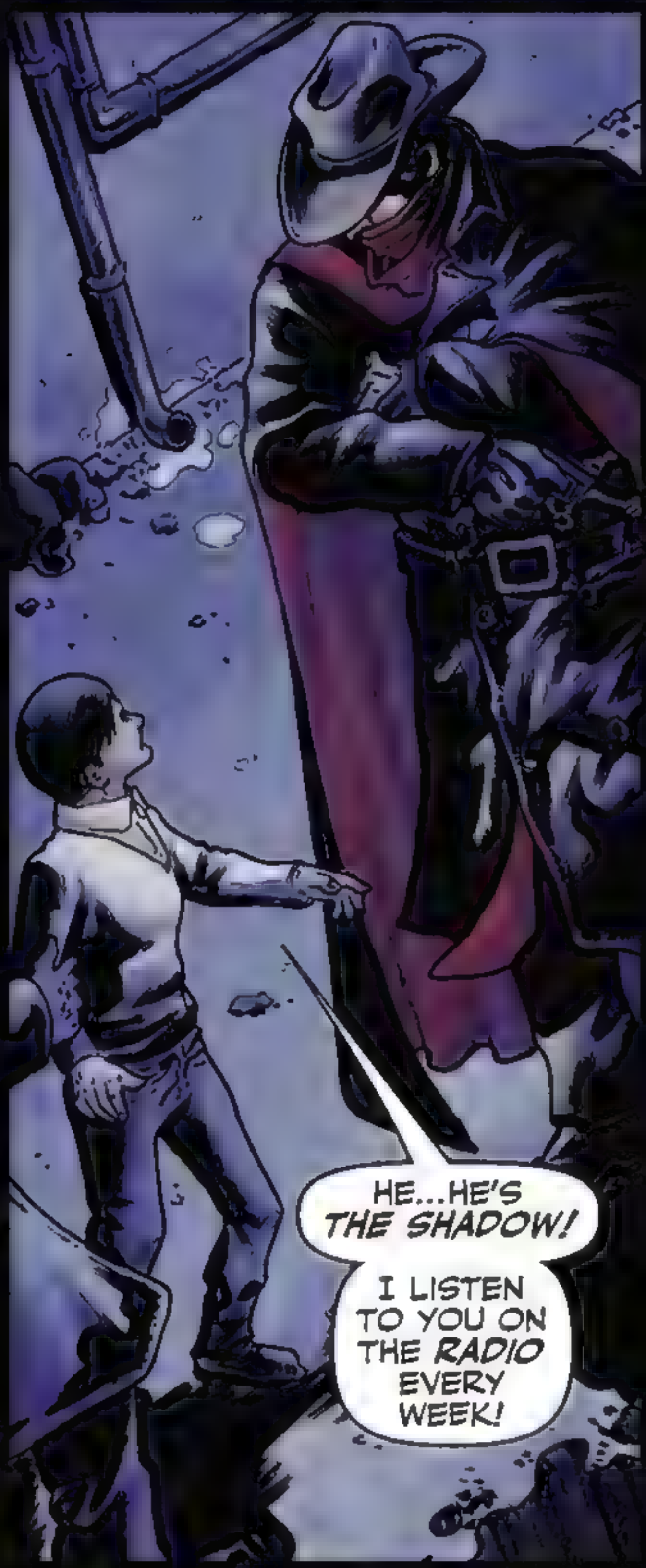
BLAM
BLAM



OH MY GOD! YOU KILLED HIM!

THANK GOD! YOU SAVED US!

WHO ARE YOU?



HE...HE'S THE SHADOW!

I LISTEN TO YOU ON THE RADIO EVERY WEEK!



NOT ME, BOY!

MEN WHO'VE HEARD WHISPERS OF MY EXISTENCE FORGE THOSE RADIO TALES AND PROFIT FROM THE CRIMES I ERASE!



WE OWE YOU OUR LIVES. HOW CAN I POSSIBLY REPAY YOU?

YOU'RE THE FAMED ATTORNEY... NEW YORK'S BEST... BRUCE THOMASON.



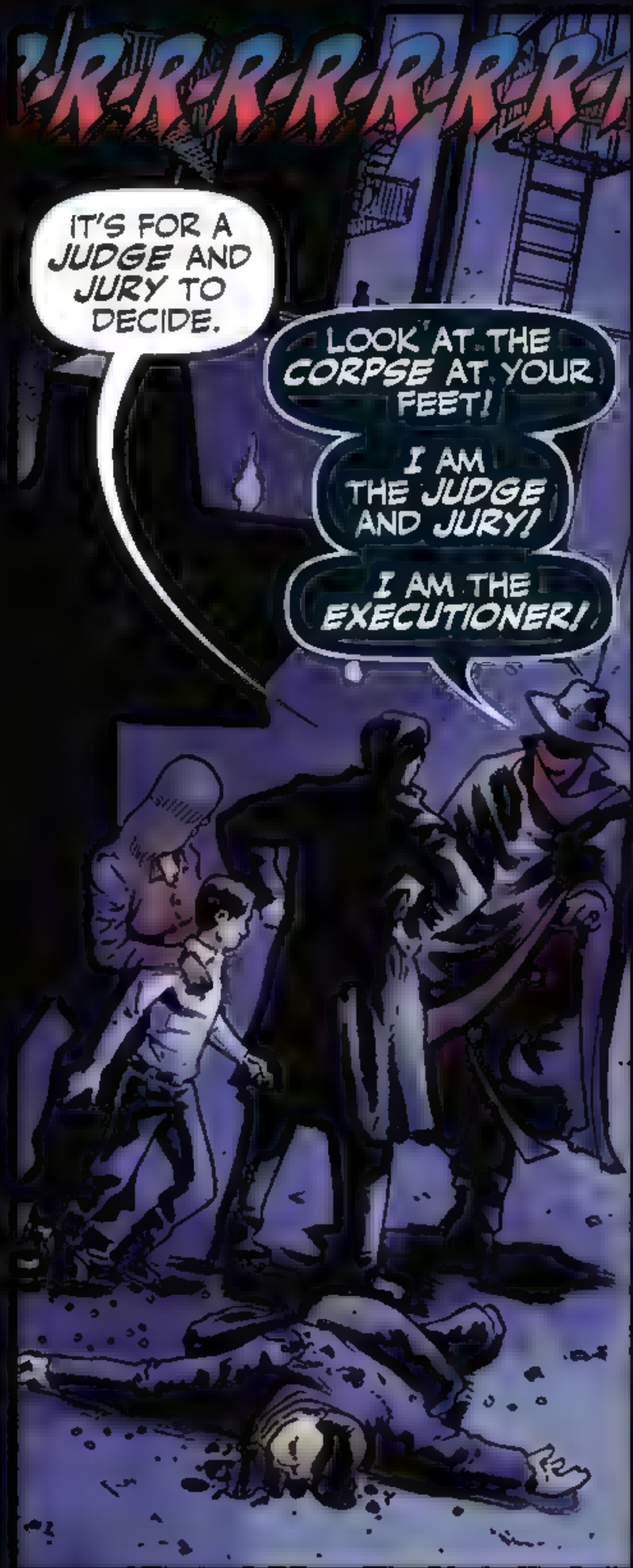
ONE DAY, I MAY ASSIGN YOU A MISSION. DO IT WITHOUT QUESTION, AND YOUR DEBT TO ME WILL BE PAID.

AS LONG AS IT'S WITHIN THE LAW, I--

"LAW?"

THE LAW IS RIDDLED WITH LOOP-HOLES ALLOWING THE GUILTY TO PREY ON THE INNOCENT!





Radio station WOR,
New York...

THE WEED
OF CRIME BEARS
BITTER FRUIT!
CRIME DOES
NOT PAY! THE
SHADOW
KNOWS...

HEH-
HEH-HEH-HEH-
HEH....

AND...
WE'RE OFF!

ANOTHER
GREAT SHOW!

GOT A
DATE WITH AN
INGÉNUÉ AT THE
ASTOR BAR!

SEE YOU
NEXT WEEK,
MAX!

I'LL HAVE
YA THERE ON
THE DOUBLE,
PAL!

THANK
YOU EVER SO
MUCH, MR....
SCHREVNITZ.

MORRIS
SCHREVNITZ

TAXI!

DAMN!
I'LL NEVER GET
A HACK THIS TIME
OF NIGHT!

CAB, MAC?

YOU,
SIR, ARE A
GODSEND!

THE
ASTOR HOTEL...
AND STEP
ON IT!

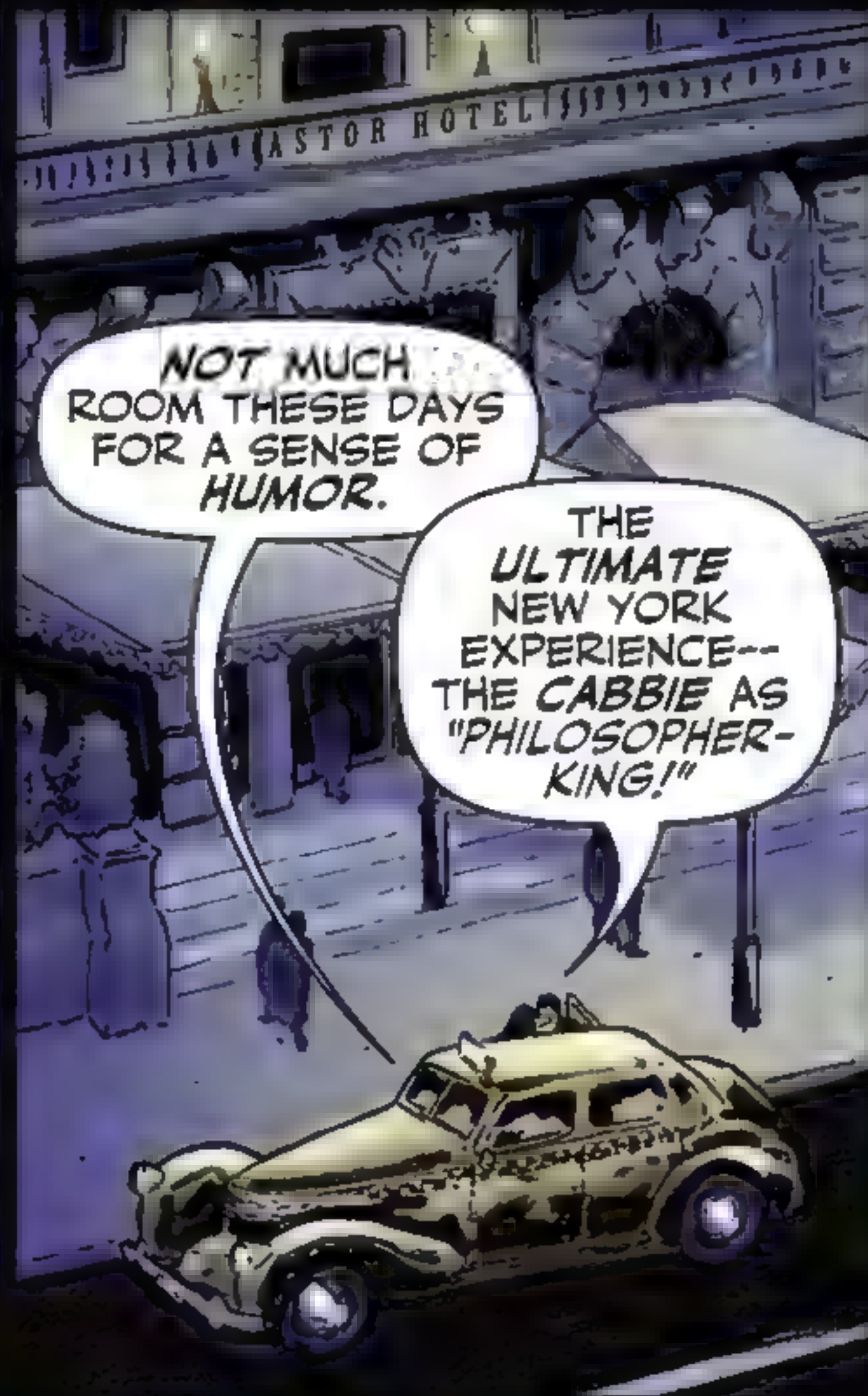
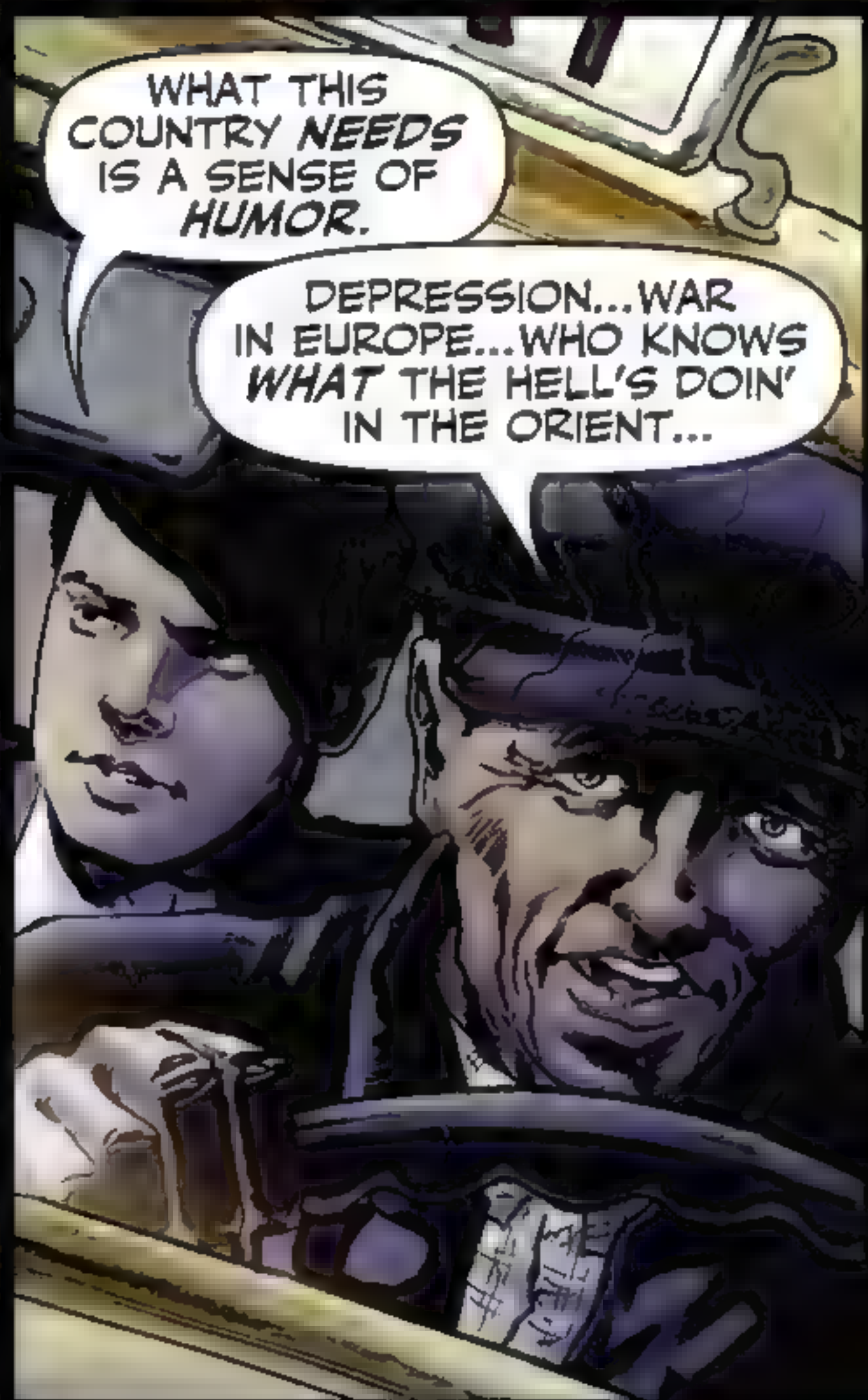
HEY!
I KNOW
YOU!

NOT
LIKELY, MY
GOOD MAN.

I'M
MERELY AN
ANONYMOUS
RADIO
THESPIAN.

HA! NOT SINCE
YOU SCARED THE
BEJEEBIES OUTTA HALF
THE COUNTRY!

YOUR PUSS WAS
PLASTERED ON EVERY
PAPER IN THE U.S. OF A.,
BUDDY BOY!

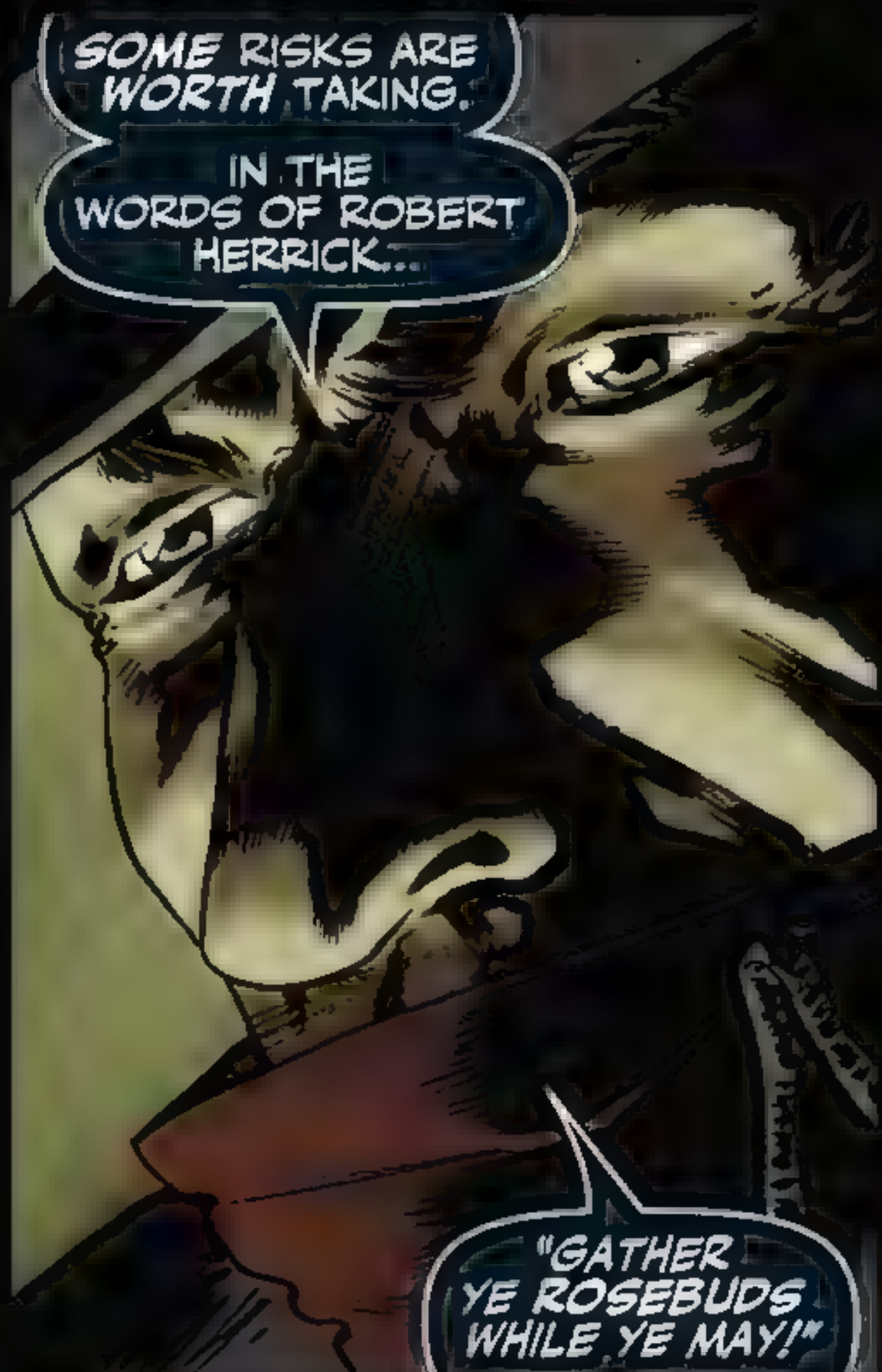






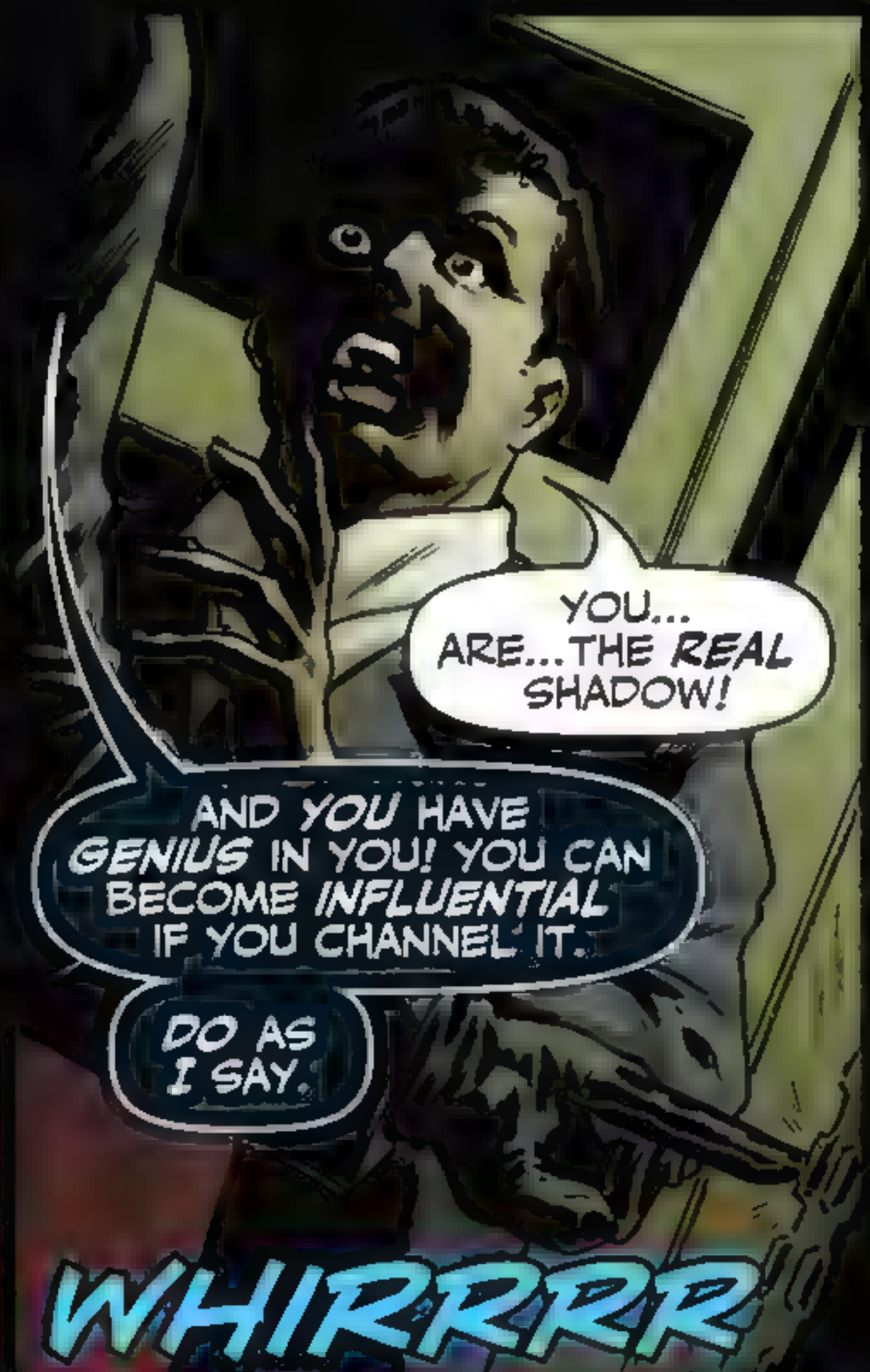


BUT YOU OPERATE IN **SECRECY**. I DO THIS AND SOME **BIG-SHOT** WILL DESTROY ME PROFESSIONALLY... OR **KILL ME!**



SOME RISKS ARE **WORTH TAKING**.
IN THE WORDS OF ROBERT HERRICK...

"GATHER YE ROSEBUDS WHILE YE MAY!"



YOU... ARE... THE **REAL SHADOW!**

AND YOU HAVE **GENIUS** IN YOU! YOU CAN BECOME **INFLUENTIAL** IF YOU CHANNEL IT.

DO AS I SAY.

WHIRRRR



NOW **HOW** DID MY ELEVATOR TAKE OFF **WITHOUT ME?**

SORRY FOR THE **SCARE**, MISTER!



EXTREE!
HEARST LIES PLUNGED U.S. INTO **FAKE WAR!**

The New York World
Proof William Randolph Hearst Lies Caused Spanish-American War!




HMMM...

"ROSEBUDS...?"



HEH, HEH, HEH, HEH...

END



THE CITY SEEMS TO GET MORE
CROWDED EVERY DAY. PEOPLE MOVING
HERE WITH STARS IN THEIR EYES AND
THEIR HEADS FULL OF DREAMS.

AND MORE THAN ENOUGH
SUCKERS WITH FAT WALLETS TO
KEEP A LIGHT-FINGERED GUY
LIKE ME IN BUSINESS.

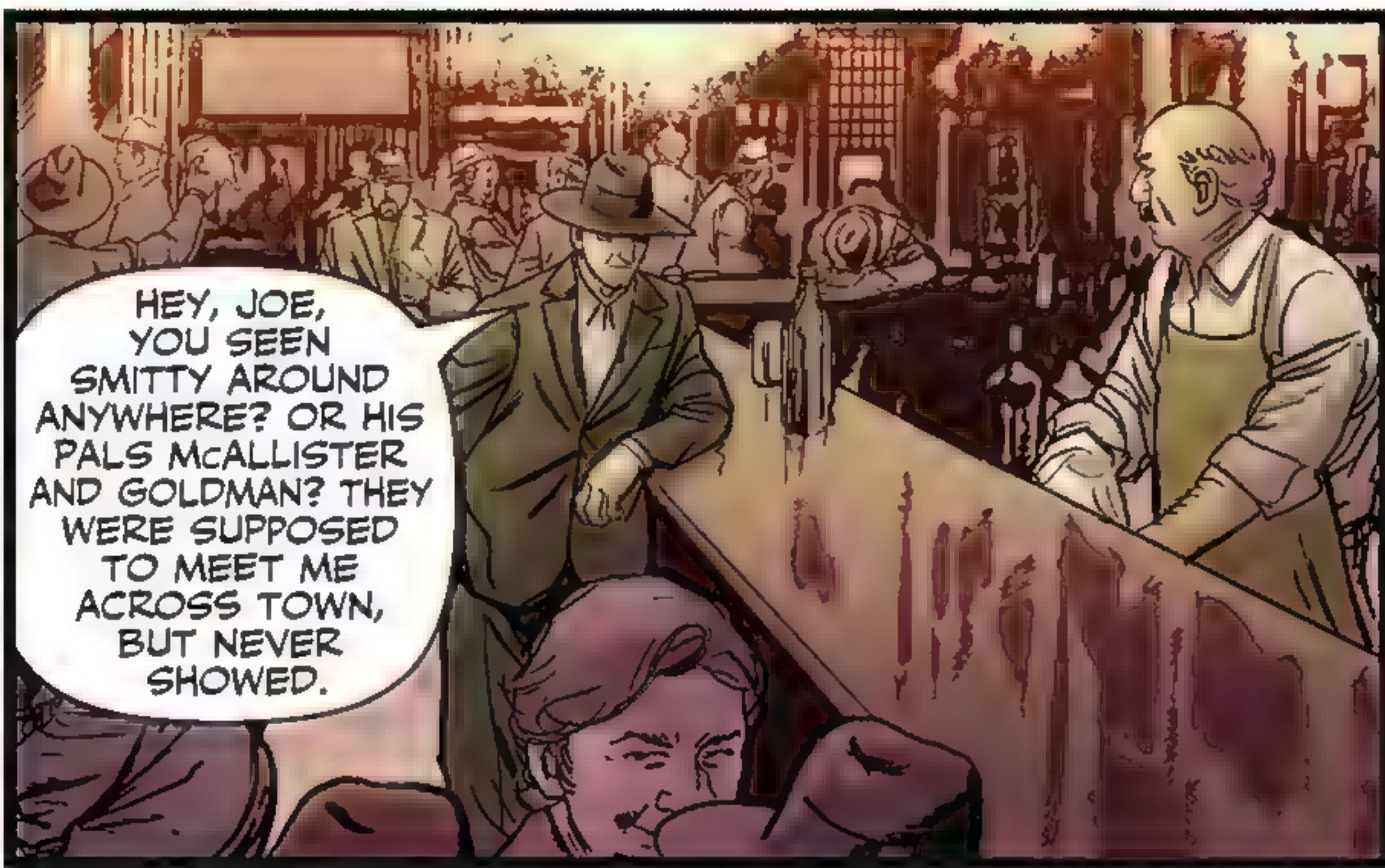
BUT I'M NOT ON THE JOB
TONIGHT. I'VE GOT BIGGER
THINGS TO WORRY ABOUT.



A LOT OF GUYS IN MY LINE OF WORK HAVE BEEN TURNING UP MISSING, OR DEAD, OR WORSE.



I'M STARTING TO FEEL LIKE WE'RE ALL WALKING AROUND WITH TARGETS ON OUR BACKS.

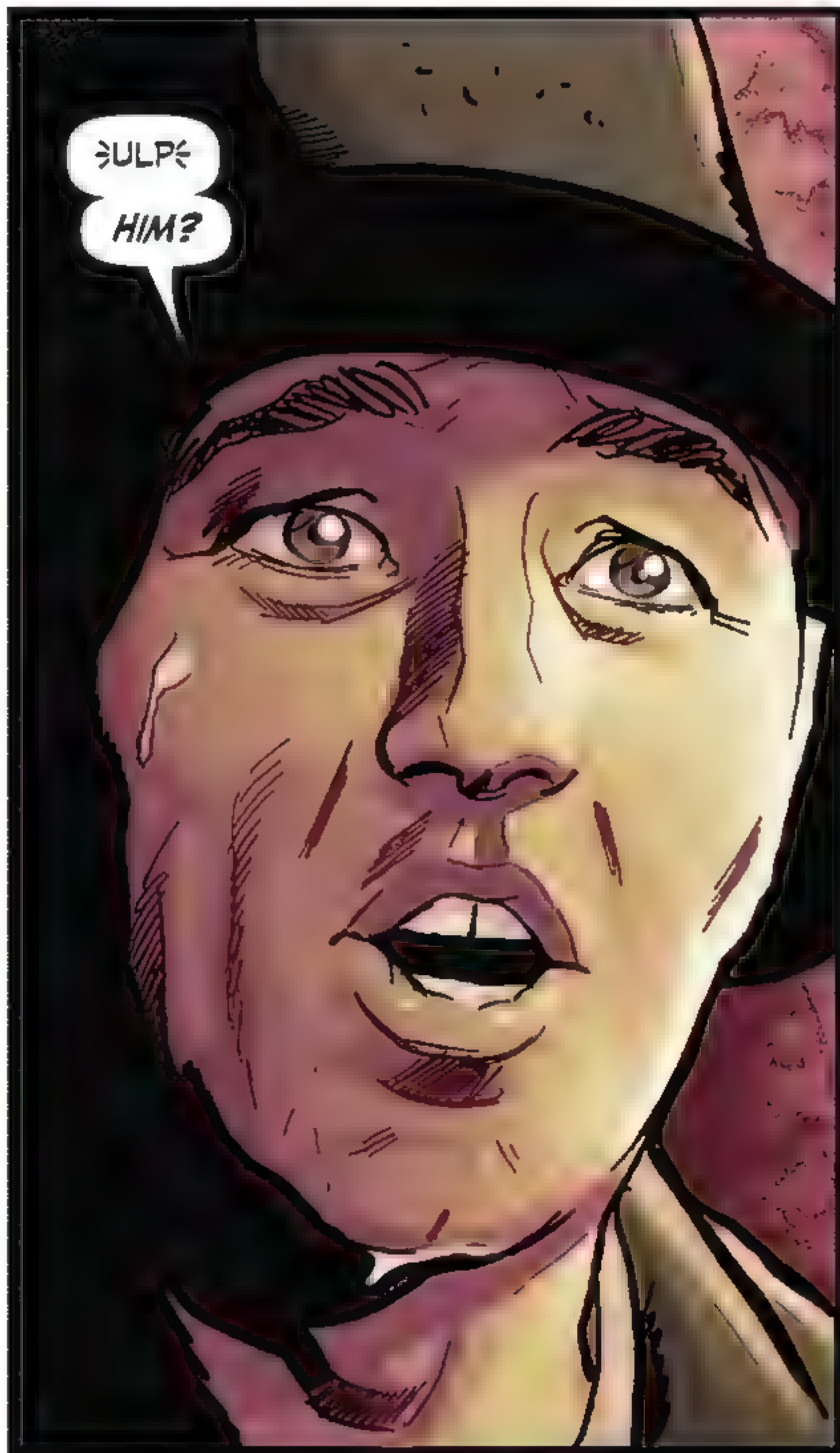


HEY, JOE, YOU SEEN SMITTY AROUND ANYWHERE? OR HIS PALS McALLISTER AND GOLDMAN? THEY WERE SUPPOSED TO MEET ME ACROSS TOWN, BUT NEVER SHOWED.



OH, YOU AIN'T HEARD, MAX? THEY TURNED UP AT THE TRAINYARD ALL SHOT FULL OF HOLES.

WORD IS THAT HE GOT THEM.




SHIT!
HIM?



IT'S BEEN GETTING HARDER AND HARDER TO MAKE A DISHONEST LIVING SINCE HE CAME TO TOWN.

I JUST KNEW THAT THE JOB THAT SMITTY HAD LINED UP WAS TOO RISKY.

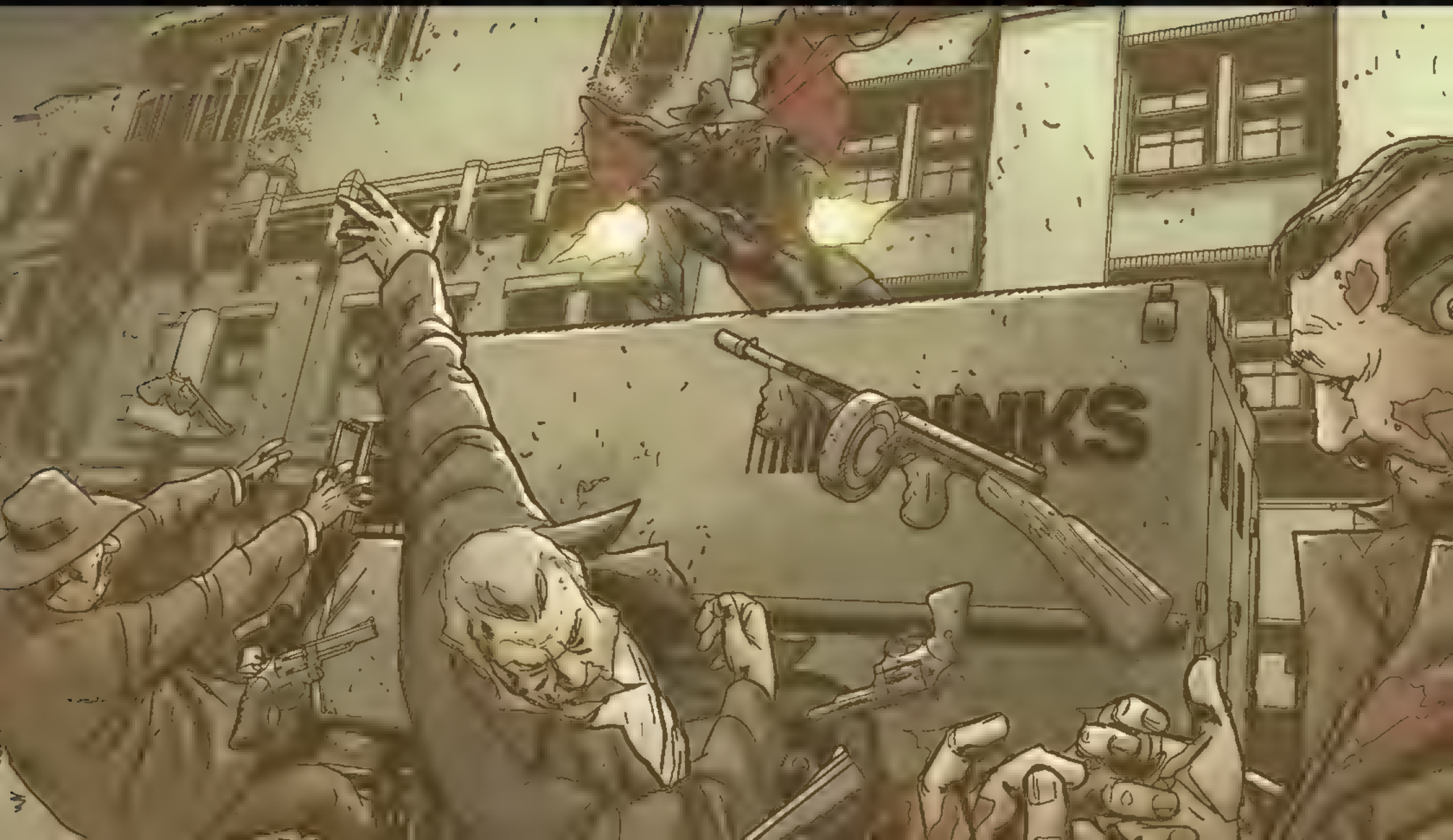


COURSE, I PROBABLY WOULD HAVE PITCHED IN ANYWAY, RISK BE DAMNED, IF THE JOB DIDN'T CALL FOR KILLING SO MANY JEWELERS. I NEVER WAS MUCH ONE FOR MURDER.

COUNT ME OUT, FELLAS. BUT I'LL MEET UP WITH YOU AFTER AND HELP YOU FENCE THE GOODS.

BUT THE WAY JOE TELLS IT, SMITTY AND THE BOYS NEVER EVEN MADE IT INTO THE JOINT.

SOMEHOW HE MUST HAVE GOTTEN WORD OF WHAT THEY HAD PLANNED, AND AS SOON AS THEY GOT OUT OF THE CAR...WELL...





BUT SMITTY AND HIS PALS AREN'T THE ONLY ONES. STARTING TO FEEL LIKE WE'RE BEING HUNTED.

COME ON, GERTIE. I NEED TO FIND TONY.



AND I'M TELLING YOU FOR THE LAST TIME, MAX, TONY AIN'T COMING BACK.

HE AND LOUIE WENT AHEAD WITH THAT STUPID HOSPITAL JOB AND HE WAS WAITING FOR 'EM.



I TOLD TONY THAT ROBBING A HOSPITAL WAS A STUPID IDEA. STILL, I FIGURED THE PLACE WOULD BE A PUSH OVER.

STILL, THE ONLY REASON I DIDN'T TAG ALONG WAS THAT I THOUGHT IT HAD TO BE BAD LUCK.



BUT IT SHOULD HAVE BEEN EASY. WALK IN, GRAB WHATEVER CASH THE PENGUINS HAD AND AS MANY DRUGS AS THEY COULD POCKET. PLAIN AND SIMPLE.

BUT IF HE WAS THERE...



THAT'S THE FLOPHOUSE WHERE THE ABRUZZO BROTHERS WERE PLANNING TO HOLE UP WHEN THEY KIDNAPPED THAT HEIRESS.

AND SPEAK OF THE DEVIL...

THERE, THERE, YOU'RE SAFE NOW.

I TOLD 'EM THAT I WANTED NOTHING TO DO WITH NABBIN' SOME LITTLE GIRL.

SURE, HER FAMILY WOULD PAY A FORTUNE TO GET HER BACK, BUT WHAT KIND OF LOWLIFE WOULD DO SOMETHING LIKE THAT TO A KID?

SCARED OUT OF HER MIND, NOT SURE IF SHE'LL EVER SEE HER PARENTS AGAIN. THAT KIND OF THING COULD SCAR SOMEBODY FOR LIFE. AND THAT'S ASSUMING NOTHING GOES WRONG.

COURSE, SEEMS LIKE SOMETHING DID GO WRONG, FOR THE ABRUZZO BROTHERS AT LEAST.

THERE'S NO TWO WAYS ABOUT IT.
HE IS AFTER US. TAKING OUT
EVERYONE, ONE BY ONE.

AND IT'S LIKE HE'S
DOGGING MY HEELS,
PICKING OFF EVERY
LOWLIFE I KNOW.

IT'S ONLY A MATTER OF TIME BEFORE
HE CATCHES UP, SO I'M GETTING OUT
OF TOWN WHILE I STILL CAN.

HITCH A RIDE ON A BANANA BOAT
DOWN TO THE FLORIDA KEYS, MAYBE.
I'VE GOT A COUSIN DOWN THERE,
SAYS THE LIVING IS EASY. IF YOU
DON'T MIND THE HEAT.

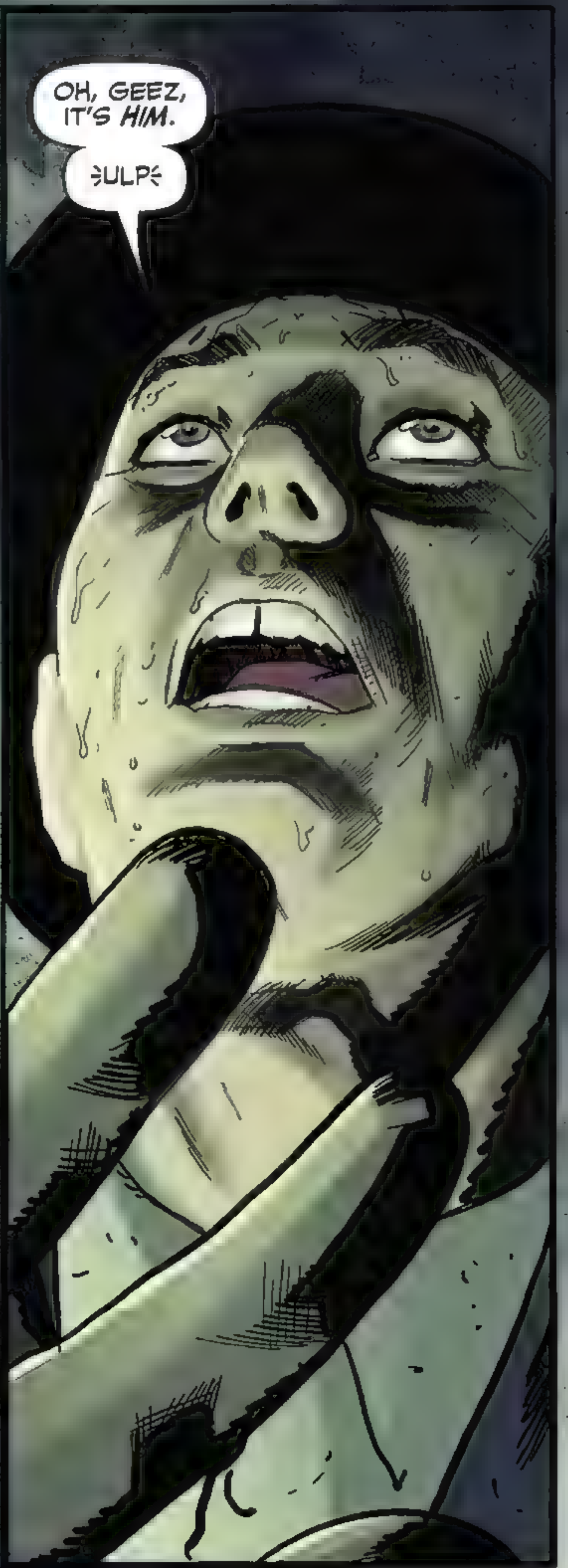
BUT I FIGURE HEAT BEATS A
TARGET ON MY BACK, RIGHT?
AT LEAST I'D STILL BE AROUND
TO ENJOY THE HEAT.

MAXIMILIAN
WRIGHT.

WHO--?



MEN
CALL ME THE
SHADOW.
AND YOU WILL
NOT LEAVE THE
CITY TONIGHT.



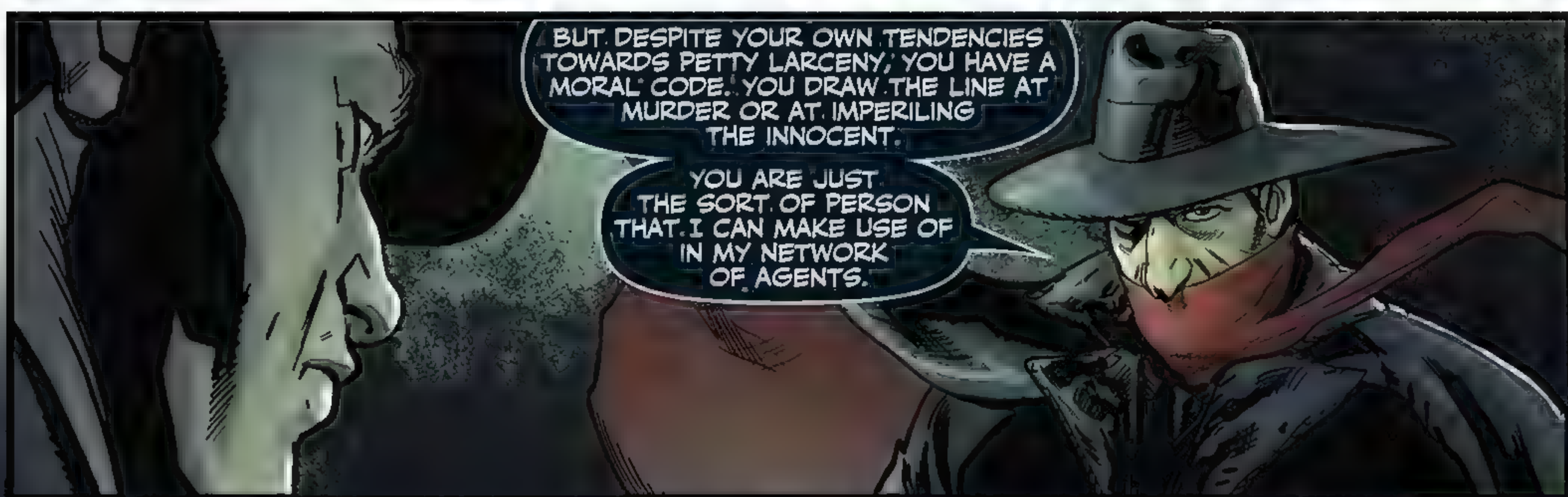
OH, GEEZ,
IT'S HIM.
OULP



PLEASE,
PLEASE, CUT ME
A BREAK!
YOU
GOTTA.



LET ME
SKIP TOWN, AND
I'LL NEVER COME
BACK.
JUST
PLEASE DON'T
KILL ME!



END

A SHADOW MYSTERY

The CURSE OF BLACKBEARD'S SKULL ♦

by
Matt Wagner

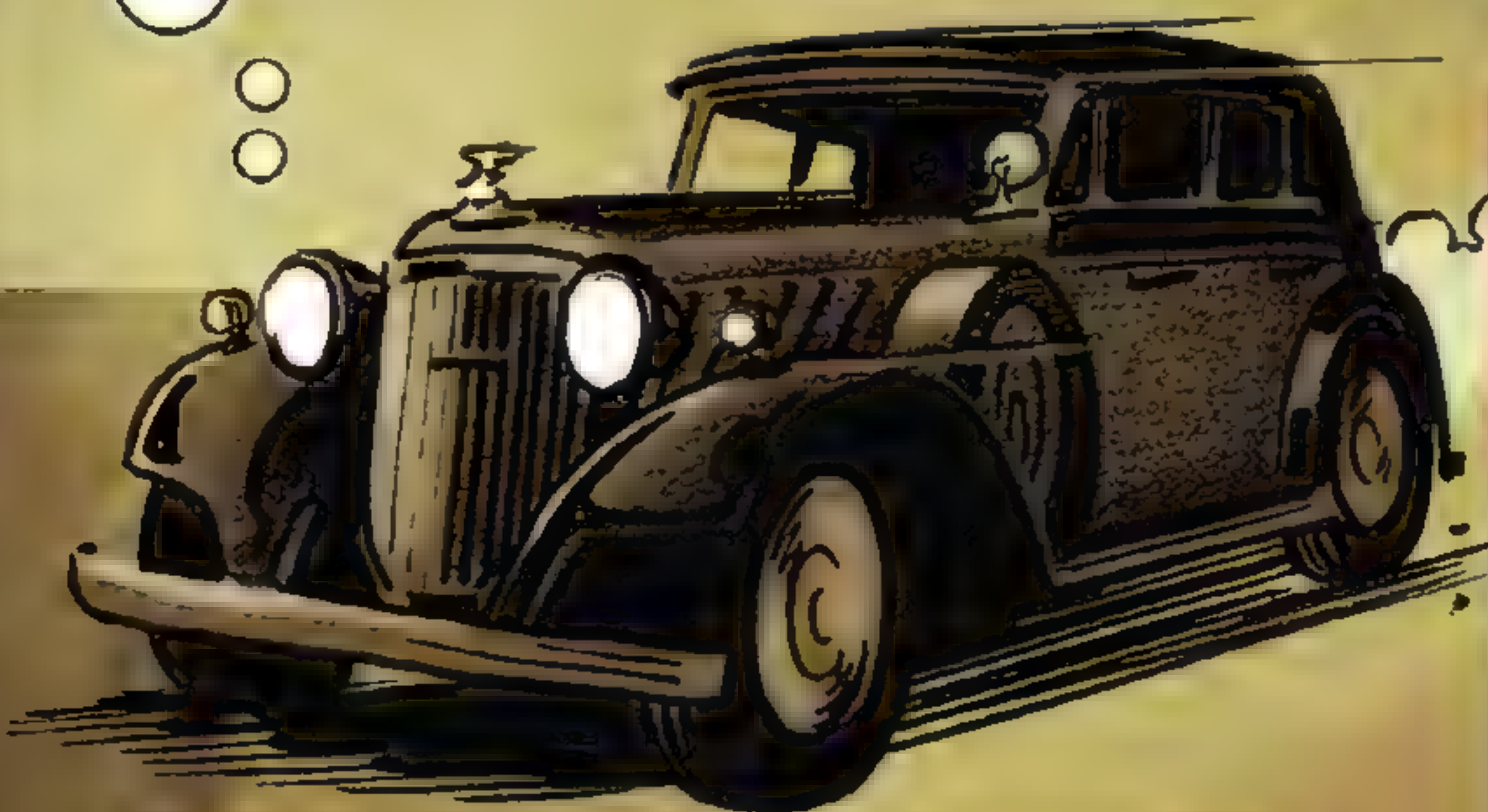
In November of 1718, under orders from the Governor of Virginia, Lieutenant Robert Maynard led a naval mission that successfully trapped and killed the notorious pirate Edward Teach, infamously known as "Blackbeard". Following the deadly battle, Maynard mounted Teach's head on the bowsprit of his frigate, as a warning to other buccaneers. Some months later, the head mysteriously vanished leading to rumors that it was stolen by surviving members of the pirate's still-loyal crew who then boiled the skull free of all flesh and coated the gruesome relic in molten silver. Over the years, the skull passed through many hands and eventually became an icon to several fraternal organizations who incorporated it into their covert and arcane rituals. Due to its grisly origins, a legend arose that those who retained the skull for too long would fall victim to its original owner's deadly fate.



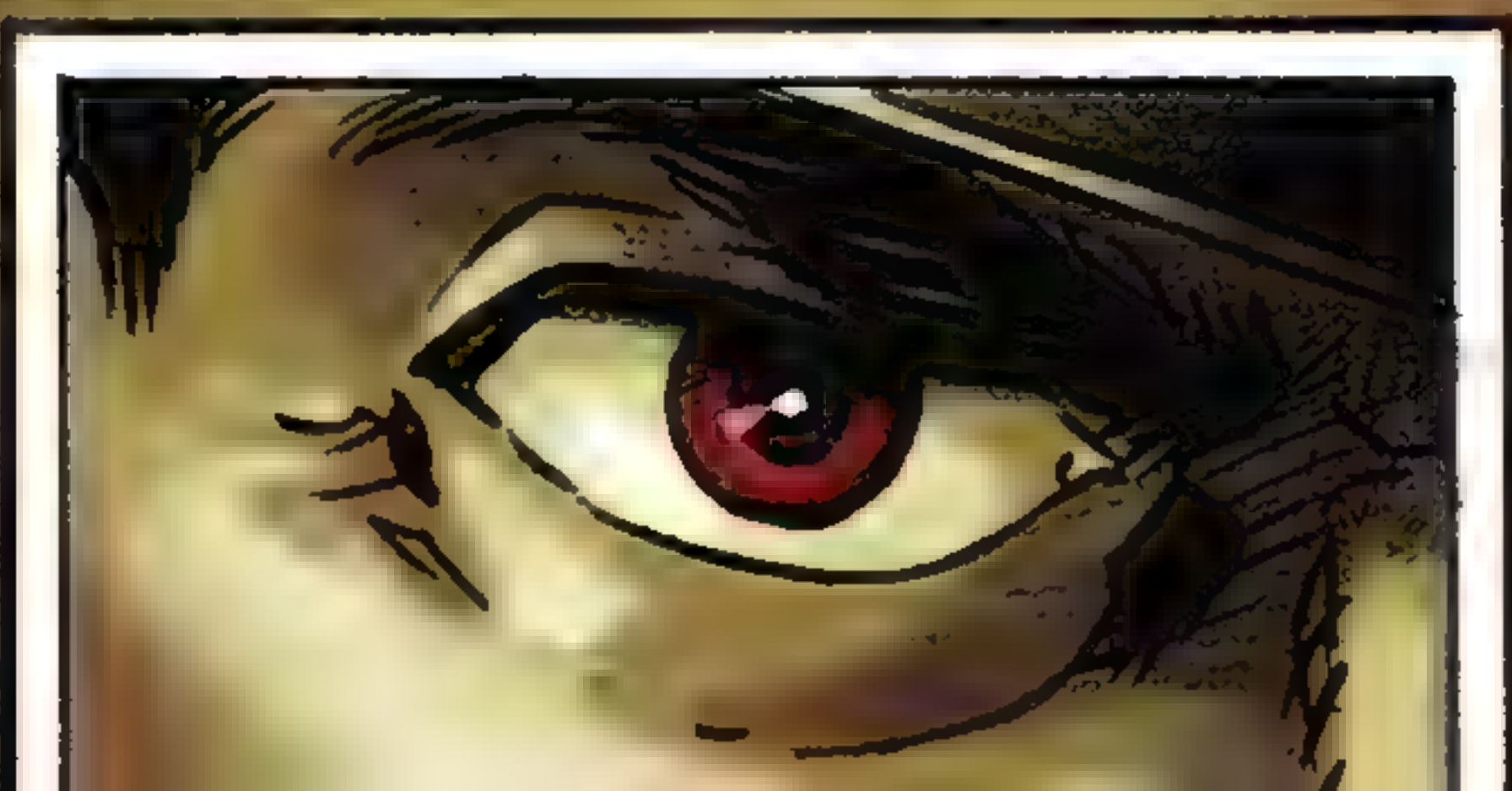



The trophy was eventually acquired by a secret society at Princeton University, a group of five friends who dubbed themselves "The Jolly Rogers". They ceremonially drank from the hollowed out vessel and swore allegiance to their own hedonism on its silver-crusted pate. In a seeming defiance to the skull's supposed jinx, all five went on to become eminently successful following their mutual graduations. And yet they still retained ownership of the argent skull as a way to commemorate and lionize their fraternal bonds.

The surliest and most industrious of this crew was Fenton Sykes, who followed a mediocre degree in Applied Sciences to build a thriving empire in commercial steel. In their college days he had always been the first to pass out from heavy drinking and the first to again crack open another bottle on the following morning.




Given his penchant for the sauce no one was particularly surprised when he careened his Cabriolet off the edge of a steep embankment.



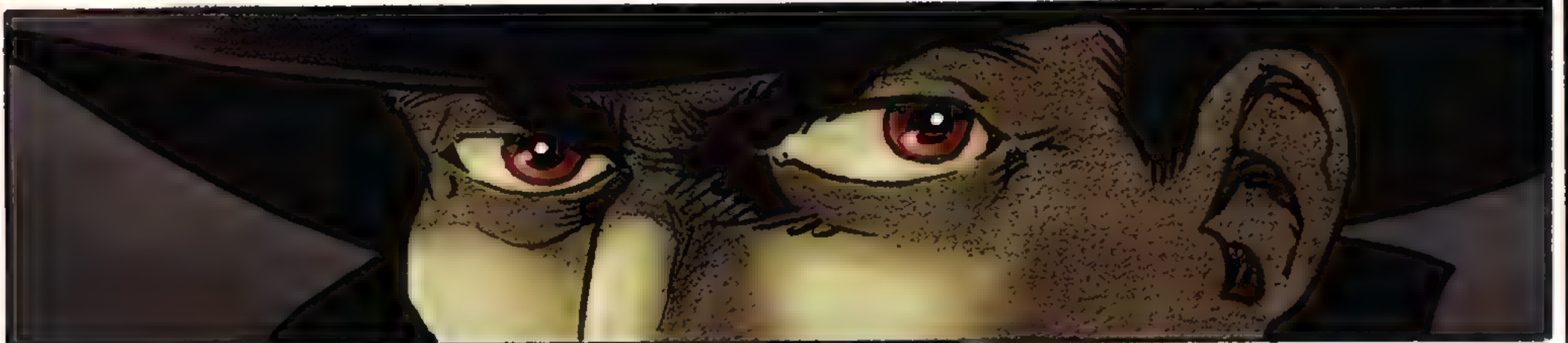


The wealthiest, by far, was Rueben Engels Vanderveer whose ancestors were some of the first to settle on Manhattan. The family developed a vast fortune through their generous real estate holdings and from a robust industry producing and selling gunpowder to the Union army during the Civil War. As a result, Robert spent his entire youth among the top-hat and tails crowd, a child of absolute privilege and nouveau-riche pedigree. His father always referred to their huge Park Avenue mansion as a “decidedly modest accommodation”.

Dashing in appearance, Rueben had a weakness for the opposite sex.



While still in school, Rueben’s romantic conquests among the local flowers of Princeton high society were so numerous that he was soon christened with a ribald nickname, “The Cherry Picker”. More than one young lady found herself in unlucky circumstances and had to leave town as a result of her compromised virtue, the resulting scandals were only silenced by the vast resources of the Vanderveer family coffers.





The most amiable of the bunch was Dickie Morgenson, the scion of a prominent banking family who followed his clan's traditions and became a Wall Street powerhouse. Despite his affable persona, he gained an iron reputation and managed to survive the Crash of '29 with minimal losses. It thus came as some surprise when he hanged himself...a scant two months following Fenton's deadly accident.

"Most intriguing, Margo...it seems as if someone is *killing off* my former fraternity brothers."

"Are you quite certain?"

"I find there are few coincidences ...where murder is involved."

Despite having married the daughter of another well-heeled family, Rueben Vanderveer continued his lothario behavior.

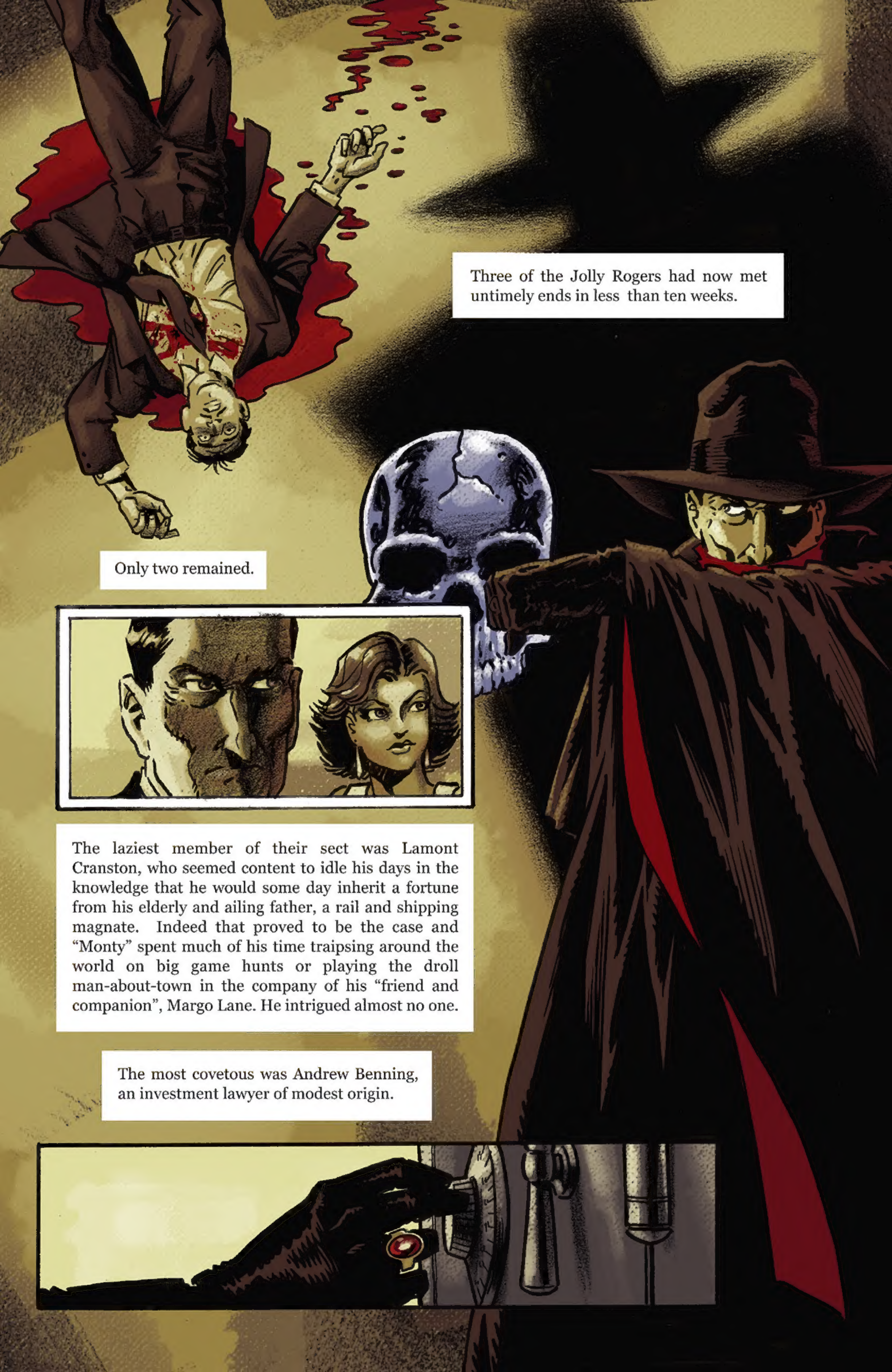


His latest mistress was a hot-blooded torch singer who, as time progressed, didn't take kindly to the idea of being his affair-on-the-side. She began threatening to phone his wife and expose their liaison, which led Rueben to extreme lengths in trying to placate her petulance. He showered her with jewelry, mink coats and other luxuries to no avail.



Their battle of wills finally culminated in a drunken row one night at the hotel suite he retained for her roost. Neighbors reported shouting, broken glass and gun shots just after midnight.





Three of the Jolly Rogers had now met untimely ends in less than ten weeks.

Only two remained.



The laziest member of their sect was Lamont Cranston, who seemed content to idle his days in the knowledge that he would some day inherit a fortune from his elderly and ailing father, a rail and shipping magnate. Indeed that proved to be the case and “Monty” spent much of his time traipsing around the world on big game hunts or playing the droll man-about-town in the company of his “friend and companion”, Margo Lane. He intrigued almost no one.

The most covetous was Andrew Benning, an investment lawyer of modest origin.



"Andrew Benning! You have carved a trail of death among your former friends and colleagues! You must answer for your crimes!"

"Dear god! W-who are you?!"

"I am the weapon of judgment and vengeance. I am... THE SHADOW!"

"It was *you* who tampered with the brakes on Fenton Sykes' car!"

"It was *you* who falsified stock swindles in Dickie Morgenson's name!"

"NO!"

"And it was *you* who sent champagne to Rueben Vanderveer, laced with cocaine and heroin!"

"You have *no proof*! None of this will stand up in a court of law—**AGGH!**"

"I serve...only justice!"





Benning had planned to sell the silver skull for a substantial sum to a noted aviation tycoon, an ardent aficionado of pirate lore. His schemes sought to deny his fraternity brothers' compliance and defraud their equal compensation...by any means necessary.

When any object becomes so prized that it inspires larceny, treachery and homicide, it must indeed be considered cursed.

The Shadow knows!



END